# PENTHOUSE®

JAN / FEB 2022

*with*
MSPUIYI
+
TAHLIA PARIS

THE PET OF
THE YEAR
ISSUE
FEATURING
KENZIE ANNE

**GAMER GIRLS**
ESPORTS SUPERSTARS
PLAY TO WIN

**THAT'S KILLER!**
UNMASKING
SCREEN PSYCHOS

**LAW & DISORDER**
WHO POLICES
THE VA POLICE?

PENTHOUSE.COM
JAN/FEB 2022
$13.99 U.S.
$14.99 CAN
12
0 74666 02242 3

VISIT…

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

PENTHOUSE
penthouse.com

MANYVIDS

FT. Bianca Beauchamp

PENTHOUSE

**PUBLISHER**
Penthouse World Media, LLC

**PRINT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR**
Victor Gonzalez

**ART DIRECTOR**
Rex Manning

**EDITOR**
Corrine Barraclough

**CONTRIBUTING WRITERS**
Amie Wee, Barbara Pizio, Jasper Craven,
Rob Pegley, Paul Dalgarno

**PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT**
Moose, Drew Rosenfeld, Geraldo Acuña,
Jay Mourad, Sam Phillips, Deb Kavis,

**FEATURED ARTISTS**
Hey Weeirdo, Jason Johnson, Lara McKenzie

**PHOTOGRAPHERS**
Gerald de Behr, Douglas Sawyer,
Heather Hussey-Van Gaale, Anthony Tran,
Troy Freyee, Jerome Biales, Edwin Goh

**NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS**
Willett Associates - Philip & John Willett

**CUSTOMER SERVICE**
Palm Coast Data
P.O. Box 37007
Boone, IA 50037
penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com
800-289-7368

Editorial and Advertising Office
28328 Witherspoon Parkway
Valencia, CA 91355
editor@penthouse.com

Entertainment/Licensing Office
28328 Witherspoon Parkway
Valencia, CA 91355
310-280-1900
licensing@penthouse.com

**PENTHOUSE GLOBAL MEDIA INC.**

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

Copyright Penthouse World Publishing LLC, all rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form, or by an means–electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise–or stored in any retrieval system without the written permission of the copyright holder and the publishers. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome and must be submitted via email; no typewritten traditional mail submissions will be accepted. Names and addresses must be included with all correspondence. Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost editorial or photo submissions. All unsolicited submissions remain the property of Penthouse.

## FROM THE EDITOR

WELCOME, readers! What a mag we have for you to enjoy as we kick off 2022! It's a new year, and it's time for a new you—and with that fresh vision, we know you'll enjoy January's Pet MSPUIYI (page 100) and February's Pet Tahlia Paris (page 114).

Plus, we have Cyber Cutie Samantha Ferrec (page 14), and our Social Premier features Rebecca Chen (page 40).

Impressive photographer Douglas Sawyer has snapped images for In Focus (page 80), which capture the magic of nature in and around his beloved state of Florida.

Our interview with watercolor painter Lara McKenzie of Wet Strokes Art (pages 88) covers her inspiration and artwork, which represents female sexuality and pleasure, to help you slide into the new year in the right frame of mind!

And with great pleasure, we also present a smoking hot pictorial with our newly crowned Pet of the Year, Miss Kenzie Anne (page 62). Our beautiful queen flaunts her stunningly good looks and shows why she's captured millions of hearts across the globe.

At Penthouse, we celebrate women with beauty, brains and conviction. In Gamer Girls (page 36), we shine the spotlight on some of the greatest female talent in the esports biz, and this issue's Woman of the Moment is Indigenous model and activist Quannah Chasinghorse (page 34).

In this issue, you'll also find all the info you need about the latest in film, tech, gaming and more.

**THE PENTHOUSE TEAM**

PENTHOUSE

# CONTENTS

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2022

**14 / CYBER CUTIE**

Samantha Ferrec, shot by Gerald de Behr

**34 / WOMAN OF THE MOMENT**

Outspoken Indigenous beauty Quannah Chasinghorse

**36 / GAME CHANGERS**

Esports and gaming's major female players

**40 / SOCIAL PREMIER**

Rebecca Chen

**62 / PET OF THE YEAR**

Kenzie Anne, shot by Gerald de Behr

**76 / WARRIOR WIRE**

By Jasper Craven

**80 / IN FOCUS**

Florida-based photographer Douglas Sawyer

**88 / ARTHOUSE**

Erotic watercolor artist Lara McKenzie

**96 / JANUARY PET OF THE MONTH**

MSPUIYI, shot by Edwin Goh

**112 / FEBRUARY PET OF THE MONTH**

Tahlia Paris, shot by Gerald de Behr

**126 / EROTIC FICTION**

The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

PENTHOUSE

/penthouse

@Penthouse

@Penthouse

# DEBRIEF

GENTLE, ECO-FRIENDLY FUNERAL OPTIONS, SHATNER UP IN SPACE AND MAN EATS HIS WORDS BY SWALLOWING HIS PHONE

CREDIT: ISTOCK / TANYAJOY

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

# ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO ... LIQUID

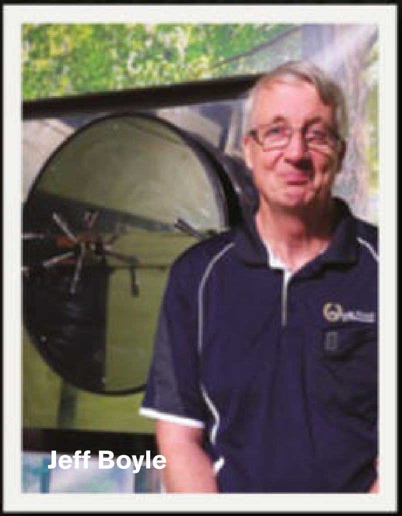
UP UNTIL recently, you had very few options when it came to deciding what happens to your body when you shuffle off this mortal coil. However, thanks to a bizarre invention, you can now be preserved in liquid form for your loved ones.

Pioneered by Australian funeral director Jeff Boyle, "The Gentle Way" is an eco-friendly, flameless cremation system that uses alkaline water to literally dissolve the flesh from bones. Yes, you read that correctly.

How it works: The body is placed inside a water-soluble bag before it's sunk into a stainless-steel chamber, which is then filled with warm water before the alkalinity of the water is artificially heightened.

"The water is sprayed over the body, much like a shower head does, for approximately 10 hours," Boyle said.

After the process is complete, all that's left of the corpse is some liquid containing DNA and bone fragments. The leftover bones are then processed and stored in an urn with the liquid, before being given to the loved ones of the deceased.

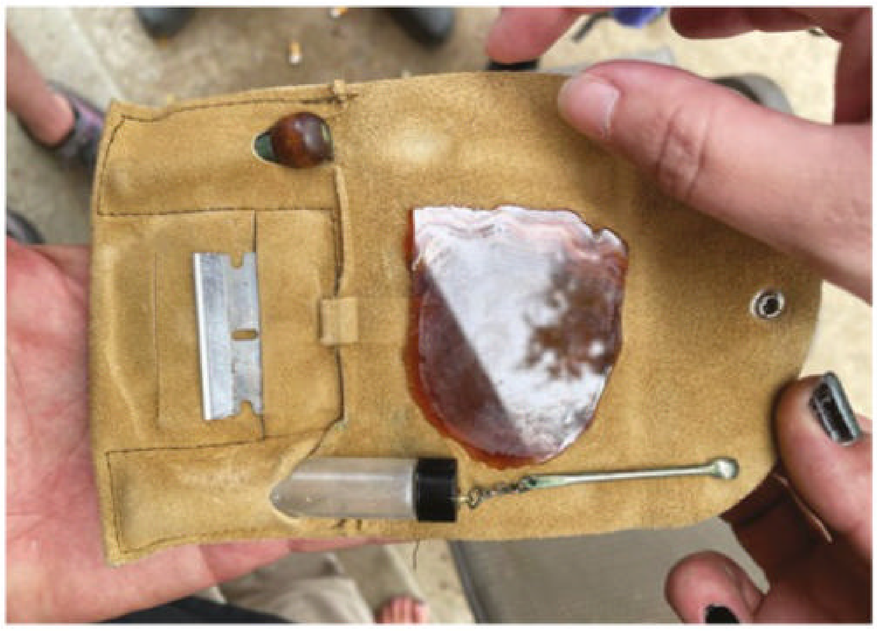


Jeff Boyle

Boyle said as people become more aware of climate change and our environmental footprint, more individuals are turning to eco-friendly funeral alternatives.

"I'm not a greenie. Don't get me wrong, but I believe we need to look after our environment—we've all got to do our own little bit," Boyle said.

CREDIT: ISTOCK / TANYAJOY. INSERT PHOTO: SAEED ADYANI / NETFLIX



## Granny’s Got the Goods

WE generally think of our grandparents as wholesome, but one woman is seeing her granny in a new light after finding her deluxe cocaine-snorting kit from the ’70s!

The woman was cleaning out her grandma’s belongings when she found the world’s best family heirloom: a smart leather pouch containing drug paraphernalia.

Her friend took to social media to share a picture of the discovery, which people were quick to point out was a vintage Frost-Ade kit, designed for “truly exquisite snorting,” according to the manufacturer’s advertisements from back in the day.

The kit included a slice of polished stone for racking up, a razor blade for chopping lines, a straw for sniffing, a stash pocket for the illegal powder and a little spoon—all housed in a handy suede pouch.

Grandma certainly knew how to party.

## A LEG UP ON THE COMPETITION

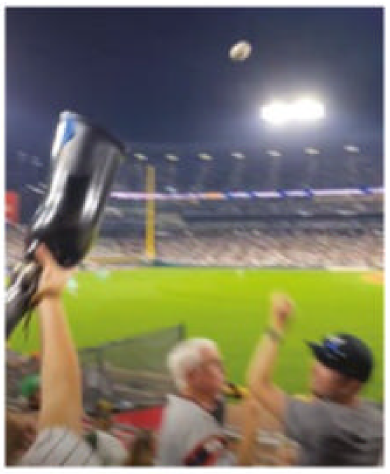
IN what can only be described as a home run for quick-thinking and creativity, a woman used her prosthetic leg to catch a baseball during a Chicago White Sox’s home game against the Detroit Tigers.

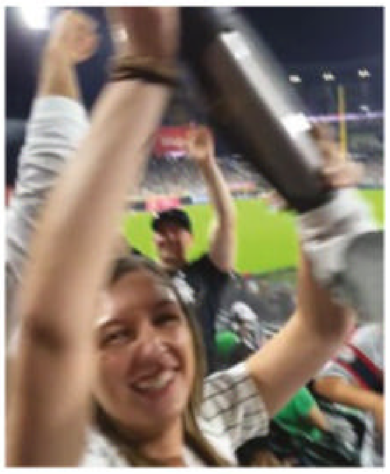
In a video shared on TikTok, 27-year-old Shannon Frendreis ripped off her right leg and used it to catch Yoan Moncada’s dinger as it soared into the stands and put Chi-Town ahead.

Even more remarkable is that Frendreis said she wasn’t sober when she achieved the feat.

“Five beers in, and taking my leg off to catch a ball seemed like a great idea,” the clip’s caption read.

The video went viral, with many people impressed by Frendreis’ quick-thinking, and one viewer quipped, “Took an arm and a leg to catch that ball.”





CREDIT: TIKTOK / SHANNONNKAY

## Netflix Edits *Squid Game* After Thousands of Prank Calls

NETFLIX’S massively successful *Squid Game* received an edit a week into its release after the use of a real phone number led to a woman being deluged by thousands of phone calls and text messages from pranksters.

The Korean thriller, which officially became Netflix’s biggest show ever in October 2021, is about players competing for cash—and their lives—by playing a series of demented games based on classic playground games from South Korea. It also featured several close-ups of a phone number printed on the back of the cryptic invitation cards *Squid Game* participants were given.

Although the first three digits were initially edited out, the remaining number belonged to a South Korean woman, who said she had been bombarded with thousands of local calls from fans who shared her area code and wanted to play the fictional game, with the endless calls draining her cellphone battery.

“After *Squid Game* aired, I have been receiving calls and texts endlessly, 24/7, to the point that it’s hard for me to go on with daily life,” she said.

“This is a number that I’ve been using for more than 10 years, so I’m quite taken aback. There are more than 4,000 numbers that I’ve had to delete from my phone, and it’s to the point where due to people reaching out without a sense of day and night due to their curiosity, my phone’s battery is drained and turns off. At first I didn’t know why, but my friend told me that my number came out in *Squid Game*.”

Reportedly, a representative from the show offered her 5 million won ($4,178) in compensation, but she turned it down.

Where the Magazine Comes to Life!®
The PENTHOUSE Club®
penthouseclubs.com
BALTIMORE | NEW ORLEANS | BATON ROUGE | TAMPA | MOSCOW PERTH

# SHATNER UP IN SPACE

BLUE ORIGIN

William Shatner

STAR TREK'S William Shatner is now officially the oldest person who's been blasted into space, following his voyage aboard billionaire Jeff Bezo's Blue Origin New Shepard rocket.

The 59-foot-tall spacecraft shot into the heavens from Texas with four people on board, including the famous 90-year-old actor.

After decades of fictional intergalactic voyages as Capt. James T. Kirk, the nonagenarian finally got to take a suborbital space ride for real. Upon touching back down on Earth, emotional Shatner broke down in tears, describing the almost 11-minute event as a "profound experience."

He added, "I hope I never recover from this. I hope that I can maintain what I feel now. I don't want to lose it.

"To see the blue color whip by you, and now you're staring into blackness ... everybody in the world needs to do this. Everybody in the world needs to see this."

Blue Origin is currently accepting applications for people who want to take a trip into space, and while Bezos hasn't confirmed a price, he revealed the company has so far sold more than $100 million in private trips.

LDV
NX05 DMU

CREDIT: CIRCUS OF HORRORS / SWNS / BLUE ORIGIN

# WOMAN TURNS HEADS AFTER TOWING VAN WITH HER HAIR

A WOMAN in London swapped follicles for fuel and pulled her van to the nearest gas station by using her hair as a tow rope.

Using a specially constructed harness that connected her waist-length hair to her nearly 9,000-pound van's front bumper, Anastasia Sawicka, a 34-year-old circus performer, turned heads as she hauled her van headfirst down a busy central London street in front of alarmed pedestrians.

However, this type of hair-raising stunt isn't new for the former *Britain's Got Talent* finalist, who makes her living as a "hair-hanging aerialist." Sawicka, who lives with her professional sword-swallowing husband, Hannibal Hellmurto, said when she's on the road, she abides by a strict hair regime that includes conditioning her tresses five times a day.

The painful and highly specialized art of hair-hanging is thought to have originated in China and involves securing the hair to a metal ring before hanging from it and performing other acrobatic feats.

# That's One Way to Eat Your Words

COINS, batteries, buttons—humans end up in the hospital every day for swallowing things they shouldn't. But one man in Egypt took things a step further after he fronted up to a hospital with severe stomach pains and was found to have a mobile phone in his belly.

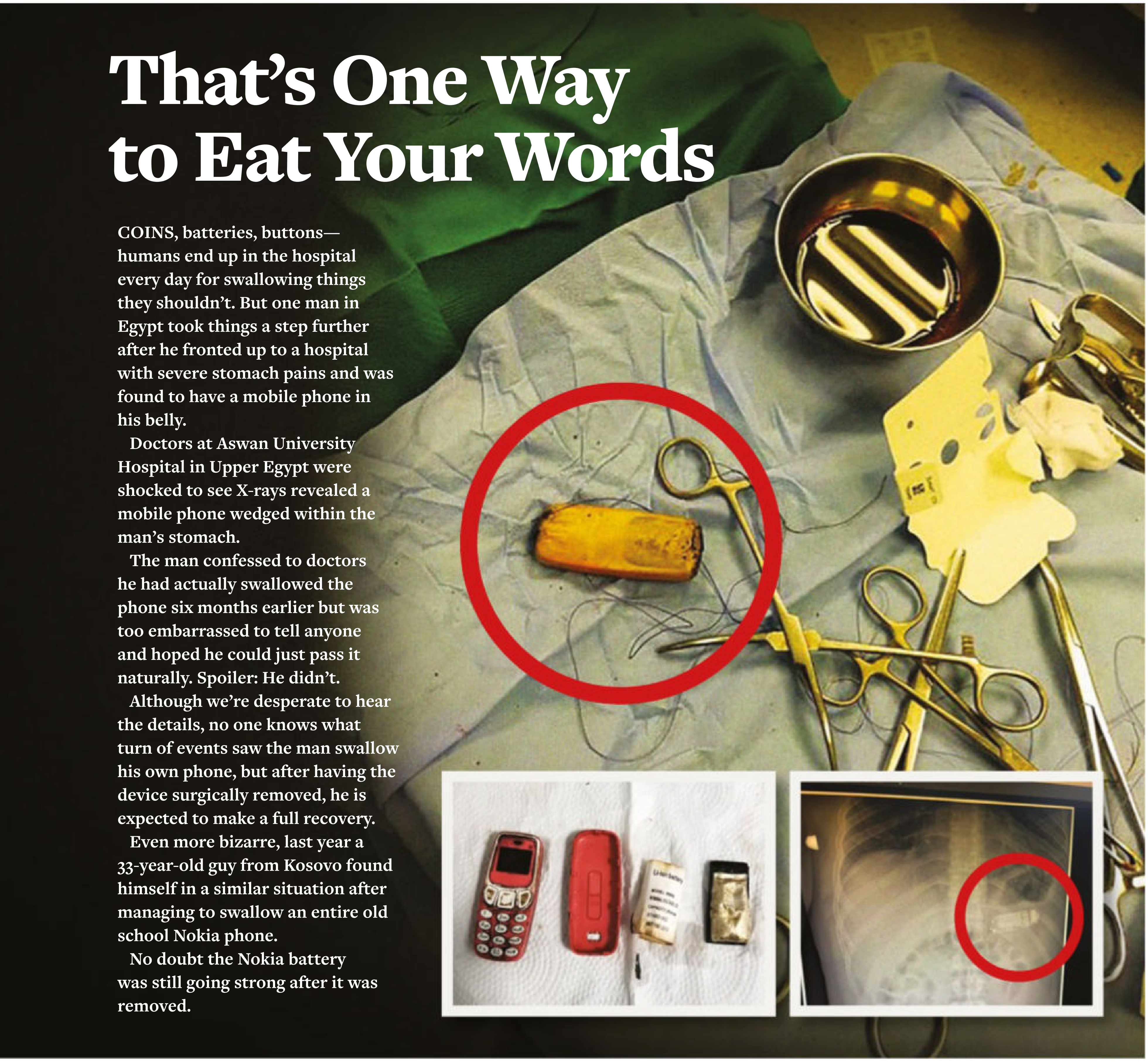
Doctors at Aswan University Hospital in Upper Egypt were shocked to see X-rays revealed a mobile phone wedged within the man's stomach.

The man confessed to doctors he had actually swallowed the phone six months earlier but was too embarrassed to tell anyone and hoped he could just pass it naturally. Spoiler: He didn't.

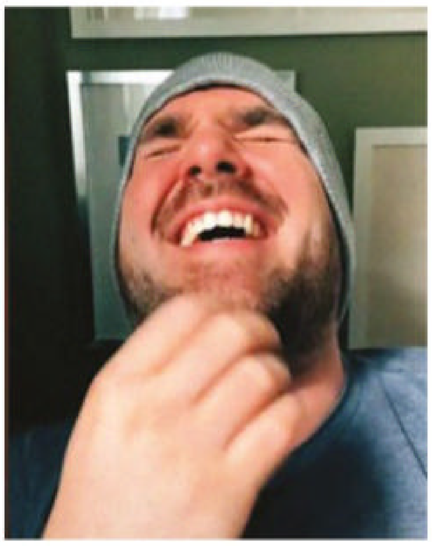
Although we're desperate to hear the details, no one knows what turn of events saw the man swallow his own phone, but after having the device surgically removed, he is expected to make a full recovery.

Even more bizarre, last year a 33-year-old guy from Kosovo found himself in a similar situation after managing to swallow an entire old school Nokia phone.

No doubt the Nokia battery was still going strong after it was removed.



## No Good Deed Goes Unpunished



A Toronto resident said he was fat-shamed by a homeless man after buying the guy a meal from McDonald's.

A TikTok user named Stu, who goes by the handle @janikon_, said in a video on the app that he was just trying to do a good deed when he claims the man told him to "lay off the McDonald's."

In the video, Stu explains how he was at McDonald's when he was asked by a homeless man if he could spare some change. After telling the man he had no cash on him, he offered to buy him a meal, to which he said yes.

"So, I get my food and his food. I'm handing it to him. I'm like, 'have a great day,' and he goes 'just in the future, a word of advice—I would lay off the McDonald's,'" Stu claimed.

"The worst part is I was fat-shamed for doing a good deed!"

Well, they do say no good deed goes unpunished.

CREDIT: TIKTOK / JANIKON / NEWSFLASH / SKENDER TELAKU)

## IT'S A TURD! IT'S A PLANE!

IN A case of what goes up must come down, a man in the U.K. had a crappy day when human sewage rained down from the skies while he was puttering around in his garden.

The man, who lives near Windsor Castle, said he was doing a bit of gardening when he was essentially waterboarded with a flood of strangers' excrement. The man, who, unsurprisingly, didn't want to be named, said there was so much leakage that the waste covered him, the grounds and his garden umbrellas.

Typically, sewage is stored in tanks and disposed of after an aircraft has landed. However, it's been reported that on rare occasions, excrement does leak from planes but tends to freeze before falling to the ground due to the ice-cold temperatures of higher altitudes.

Oh well, shit happens.

## GIANT SEX-CRAZED SPIDERS INVADE THE U.K.

SPIDER-MATING season in the U.K. is great news for arachnids and nightmare fuel for literally everybody else.

During autumn—the start of spider copulation season in the region—giant sex-crazed spiders, described as being "as big as a hand" and with "biting fangs," invade homes across the land in search of a shag.

While female spiders are typically homebodies, happy to chill out in their own webs, horny males tend to frequently wander and actively seek out steamy spider sex.

Despite being creepy to look at, house spiders are said to generally only attack if they feel threatened, so experts say it's best to leave the horny beasts to their amorous pursuits in peace.

## Romeo & Ghouliet

A WOMAN who claimed to be dating a ghost named Edwardo has hit a dead end in the relationship after claiming her ghost lover has ghosted her.

The eccentric 38-year-old singer-songwriter from England, who performs under the name Brocarde—real name Alayna Salter—said her spooky soul mate gave her the cold shoulder after she was transparent with the media about her relationship with the deceased Victorian soldier, who allegedly died at age 35 after falling down a well during a storm.

"I truly feel like I'm being ghosted by a ghost," Brocarde mourned.

"Edwardo seems furious with me since I've gone public with our romance—he's gone completely cold. Usually his presence surrounds me with a warmth, but now a cold breeze follows me around the house.

"There's an unsettling vibe everywhere. It feels like death. Or maybe I'm just dead to him."

Maybe ghouls just wanna have fun?

The lovesick lass said that despite the fact that Edwardo has frozen her out of his afterlife, she is keen to rekindle their relationship.

"I'm going to light a hundred candles and scatter rose petals. I may even cook him some typical Victorian dishes to win back his heart—maybe some sheep's trotters or a boiled calf's head, if I can find that in my local supermarket."

That's the spirit.

CREDIT: ABHISHEK NAIK / TZAHIV / ALUXUM / AR DUCHA MISFA'I

PENTHOUSE
PENTHOUSE
PENTHOUSE
PENT

CYBER CUTIE

# SHADES ALL DAY

## SAMANTHA FERREC

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
**GERALD DE BEHR**

PENTHOUSE

PENTHOUSE
PENTHOUSE PE

# SAMANTHA FERREC

LATINA lovely Samantha Ferrec calls Colombia home, and this stunning brown-eyed camgirl says her favorite things about her hometown of Medellín are the beautiful weather and the warmth of its people. The blonde beauty tells *Penthouse* she enjoys camming because it's helped her discover more and more about herself—especially when it comes to what she most enjoys.

"Being a camgirl allows me to use my imagination and invent concepts with costumes. I love to create art and be myself, and this job is a mix of all of those things," explains the former cheerleader, who's been doing cam shows for nearly three years.

For this adventurous beauty, posing nude comes naturally, and Samantha admits, "I love my body and feel so comfortable naked."

And with a body like hers, what's not to love?

**What do you like to do in your spare time?**
I love spending time with my dog. I read books and paint—and I love playing video games! And I also enjoy cooking. I'm really good at it.

**Describe your ideal partner.**
Someone who can captivate me with his or her thoughts. Physically, they should look good and be clean, but I'm most interested in someone who can engage in interesting conversations about anything and everything, and who doesn't fear new experiences.

**How would you describe your personality?**
I'm a cute girl, who loves to have fun and make others happy. I strive to enjoy every moment, and I'm passionate about everything I do.

**What would be your dream adventure?**
I'd love to go to Australia with my dog and drive a van all around the country.

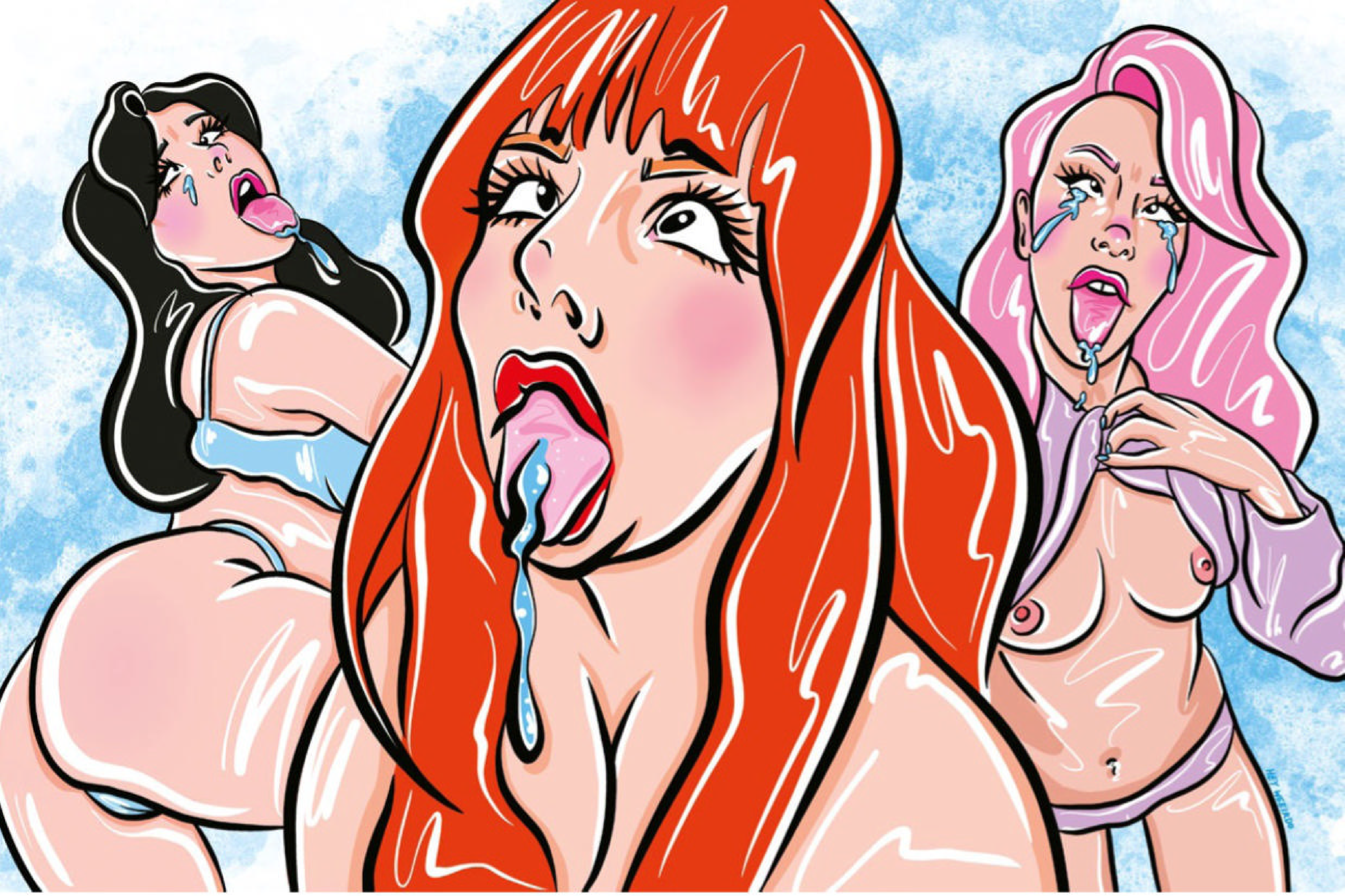
---

**AGE:** 22
**MEASUREMENTS:** 34D-27-35
**NATIVE COUNTRY:** Colombia
**HEIGHT:** 5'3"
**TWITTER:** @SamanthaFerrec
**INSTAGRAM:** @Samantha.Ferrec
**WEBSITE:** samantha-ferrec.flirt4free.com

## GET THE PICTURE

THEY say a picture is worth a thousand words, but this shot of Maddie Neville nude in nature has rendered us speechless. Although she has a canvas in front of her, there's no denying Maddie is the real work of art in this situation. Suddenly, we feel inspired to pick up a paintbrush.

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY TROY FREYEE. INSTAGRAM: @FREYEEPHOTO**
**MODEL: MADDIE NEVILLE. INSTAGRAM: @MADDIENEVILLE**



SEX

# What the F#$% is Ahegao?

## AHEGAO: THE HENTAI PHENOMENON NO ONE NEEDED

**BY AMIE WEE**

I HAVE been introduced to a lot of bizarre fetishes throughout my time writing about sex, but the phenomenon of ahegao continues to bemuse and confuse me.

Ahegao, pronounced ah-heh-gah-oh, refers to a facial expression typically characterized by crossed eyes, a dangly tongue, blushing cheeks and a moist trifecta of snot, drool and tears spraying from the face of a person—usually a woman. Essentially, the ahegao face is more comical and disturbing than sexy, and leaves its wearer looking like they licked a toad while trying to get high, but ended up in a hectic K-hole instead.

The term ahegao originated in Japan in the ’60s and only started to gain popularity on the internet in the last decade. The word itself stems from the Japanese word “aheahe,” which refers to someone who is moaning or panting from physical exertion or sexual arousal. The exaggerated facial expression is meant to depict someone who has lost control and is experiencing an orgasm so intense it’s caused them to lose their basic faculties. They have essentially been fucked silly.

While it’s not very realistic, it’s also not a particularly flattering look for the hot chick wearing it. Yet, a rise in the obsession with the expression has seen ahegao go viral, with the funny face even making its way into mainstream culture. Beyond its heavy contribution to ahegao-themed photos and porn, a quick internet search will return a wealth of ahegao memes, ahegao clothing and even ahegao celebrities, like internet cosplayer and nerd dream girl Belle Delphine, who’s managed to build a wildly successful career off the back of her own crossed-eyed, tongue-wagging pictures. On top of that, Reddit’s ahegao-related subreddits have reached more than a quarter million followers, thanks to manga nerds and regular Joes who fantasize about banging a Lolita-esque woman with such wizardry that she can’t even keep her tongue in her own gob.

While some might say ahegao is sexist because it glorifies a lack of female control, others say it’s empowering because it puts women’s pleasure front and center, with them striving to achieve frenzy-inducing ahegao orgasms. Other models who create ahegao content say the niche allows them to explore their sexuality without necessarily being nude or explicit.

Each to their own, but I’ll stick with the K-hole, thanks.

CREDIT: HEY WEEIRDO

# A WINTER OF DISCONTENT

BY ROB PEGLEY

THERE are many reasons not to look forward to the February 2022 Beijing Winter Olympics. But then didn't we say that before Tokyo?

The Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA) and the International Olympic Committee (IOC) really have quite a lot of countries to choose from when awarding the World Cup and Olympics respectively, so it beggars belief that they would pick Qatar and China to host 2022's two major global sporting events.

Not only are they both countries with appalling human rights records and any number of other atrocities that make a boycott seem reasonable, but in even simpler terms the weather situations are shocking.

It is ridiculously hot in Qatar, so much so that the World Cup has been moved six months down the calendar from its normal June/July dates, just so games can be survived in the so-called cooler months. Beijing in February, on the other hand, is not guaranteed snow. There are reports it may have to be shipped in from elsewhere. Snow is quite important when it comes to the Winter Olympics.

FIFA has pretty much admitted they made a mistake, and many of its members have been turfed out for taking bribes. The World Cup will not be moved from Qatar, however, despite requests from other nations.

The IOC is also standing by their decision to take the Winter Games to Beijing, saying it "remains neutral in all global political issues," which frankly isn't good enough, given that it has a charter that promotes equality and antidiscrimination.

The genocide of Uyghur Muslims and their enslavement in camps, reportedly revealed by the release of the Xinjiang papers in 2019, should be enough alone to warrant moving the Games. Add the treatment and censorship of journalists—both domestic and foreign—the Hong Kong pro-democracy protests, trade sanctions, and the buildup of military might in the South China Sea, and you have a veritable lazy Susan of problems to choose from.

The backlash started slowly. First, the snow issue, then concerns that the creation of venues was harming the local environment, and even that the official song sounded too much like "Let It Go" from Disney's *Frozen*. All pedantic window-dressing ahead of the main event.

Since then, the U.S. has called for a boycott, the U.K. has said they may boycott, Dutch and Canadian MPs have protested and Australia has grumbled.

A diplomatic boycott seems the likely outcome with athletes still allowed to compete, but China would not be happy. The state-owned *Global Times* has said China would sanction countries that don't send official diplomats. The IOC has also doubled down on their poor decision-making by saying sporting sanctions may also follow.

And so at this stage, China seems set to welcome foreigners through its borders between Feb. 4 and Feb. 20, 2022, for the first time since COVID-19 broke out in Wuhan at the end of 2019. With their zero tolerance for the virus, they fully expect zero domestic cases at the start of the Games and stadiums to be packed with vaccinated locals. The rest of the world will therefore see the natural beauty and incredible space age venues of Beijing that can't help but make China look impressive on the world stage—no matter what else is locked away out of sight.

As for sports, the Winter Olympics are very much variations on a narrow theme—skiing, skating and getting into or onto things that slide down an icy track.

For a couple of nights every four years we love a bit of bobsled, luge and curling (like bowls on ice with manic broom-sweeping, remember?).

Figure skating has genuine beauty, though, and ski jumping requires supreme skill and bravery. The National Hockey League has agreed for players to take part, so we will witness Canada's brilliance on the ice.

Watch out also for America's beautiful Chloe Kim, who at only 21 is already defending her 2018 Olympic Gold Medal in the snowboarding halfpipe. Swedish cross-country skier Charlotte Kalla, likely in her last Olympics at age 34, who is already the holder of nine Olympic medals across multiple events. And Yuzuru Hanyu, the slender men's figure skater from Japan, who seems untouchable for gold again.

The Winter Olympics shouldn't be happening in Beijing, but they are, and we will love them for the two weeks they are on. That's what happened in Tokyo, where despite all reservations, it was one of the most memorable games in recent times.

Then from March 2022, let's look forward to the Paris Olympics in 2024, the 2026 Winter Olympics in Milan, and normal service being resumed.

**"The Winter Olympics shouldn't be happening in Beijing, but they are, and we will love them for the two weeks they are on."**

CREDIT: TECHNOTR

CRUSH

# AMBER FLOWERS

**FOLLOW @AMBERSFLOWERS**

AMBER Flowers is a full-time model and creative director from southern Georgia, who spends her days traveling the world and making magic in front of the lens, as well as behind it. While this evocative image was shot indoors in a charming cabin in the snowy mountains of California, Amber says she prefers shooting outdoors whenever possible. “Shooting in nature is my favorite, for sure,” she explains. “I love being nude in nature. It feels so natural. Nature makes ‘work’ fun.”

PHOTO BY @PHOTOHUSSY

CREDIT: SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC

# ’Cause This is Thriller—at 40

WHEN Michael Jackson released “The Girl Is Mine,” the cute, smooth—almost cloying—duet with Paul McCartney in April 1982, it hardly signaled what was to come from the rest of his sixth album. At that time—with the record still yet to be named *Thriller*—it would have been logical to expect more post-disco, R&B-laced pop in the vein of Jackson’s *Off the Wall*. He was again working with producer Quincy Jones, who had helped establish Jackson as a solo artist three years earlier, when the former child star was just 21.

But things were changing for Jackson in ways people could not even begin to imagine.

“They’re out to get you, better leave while you can. Don’t wanna be a boy, you wanna be a man.”

“And be careful what you do, ’cause the lie becomes the truth.”

Forgetting the narrative of its obviously sinister title track, even the catchy dance-pop anthems “Beat It” and “Billie Jean” had harrowing and dark lyrics, seemingly mirroring the sadness young Jackson was already beginning to feel.

Nevertheless, when *Thriller* was released—with an overly polished, softly focused, but fairly normal, great-looking young Black man in a white suit on the cover—the world expected more of the same sort of music from the eighth Jackson sibling, if slightly better. Michael Jackson was 24 at the time.

What they got was the genesis of the King of Pop. The greatest-selling album the world has ever seen. It’s said that Jackson wanted to create an album with no filler tracks: *Thriller* had seven Billboard Top 10 singles—the first album to accomplish the feat—including two No. 1 songs, the above mentioned pop classics.

“Human Nature” and “P.Y.T. (Pretty Young Thing)” had echoes of *Off The Wall*, while “Wanna Be Startin’ Somethin’” hinted at *Bad*, which would follow in 1987.

“Thriller,” the song, went beyond being just a single. The 13-minute video with Vincent Price’s chilling Edgar Allan Poe-esque monologue, and incredible makeup and choreography for the time, was a huge global event. In a pre-social media world, people sat round their TV in 1983 for the grand unveiling.

In fact, it’s hard to separate *Thriller*, the album, from “Thriller,” the visual and audio experience. “Beat It” and “Billie Jean,” in particular, broke the dominance of white artists on MTV, and propelled the little known cable channel into the mainstream. Jackson also debuted his seminal moonwalk dance while performing “Billie Jean” during a televised performance celebrating Motown’s 25th anniversary.

It is the greatest pop album of all time. Although pop alone fails to encompass the musical genres it touches.

Five years later, when Jackson released *Bad*—another Quincy collaboration that spawned five No. 1 hits—he was personally in decline. He had already had his fourth nose surgery, his skin was becoming paler and his sunglasses were a permanent fixture.

Within a few years, his health would wane further and his eccentric behavior would escalate. The first of many child sex abuse claims against him would also surface, charges he denied.

> **“What they got was the genesis of the King of Pop. The greatest-selling album the world has ever seen.”**

But as an album, *Thriller* has sold nearly 70 million copies globally, 20 million more than its nearest rival—AC/DC’s *Back in Black*. *Thriller* stayed at No. 1 in the U.S. for 37 weeks, was the best-selling album in America for both 1983 and 1984, and won a record eight Grammys in 1984.

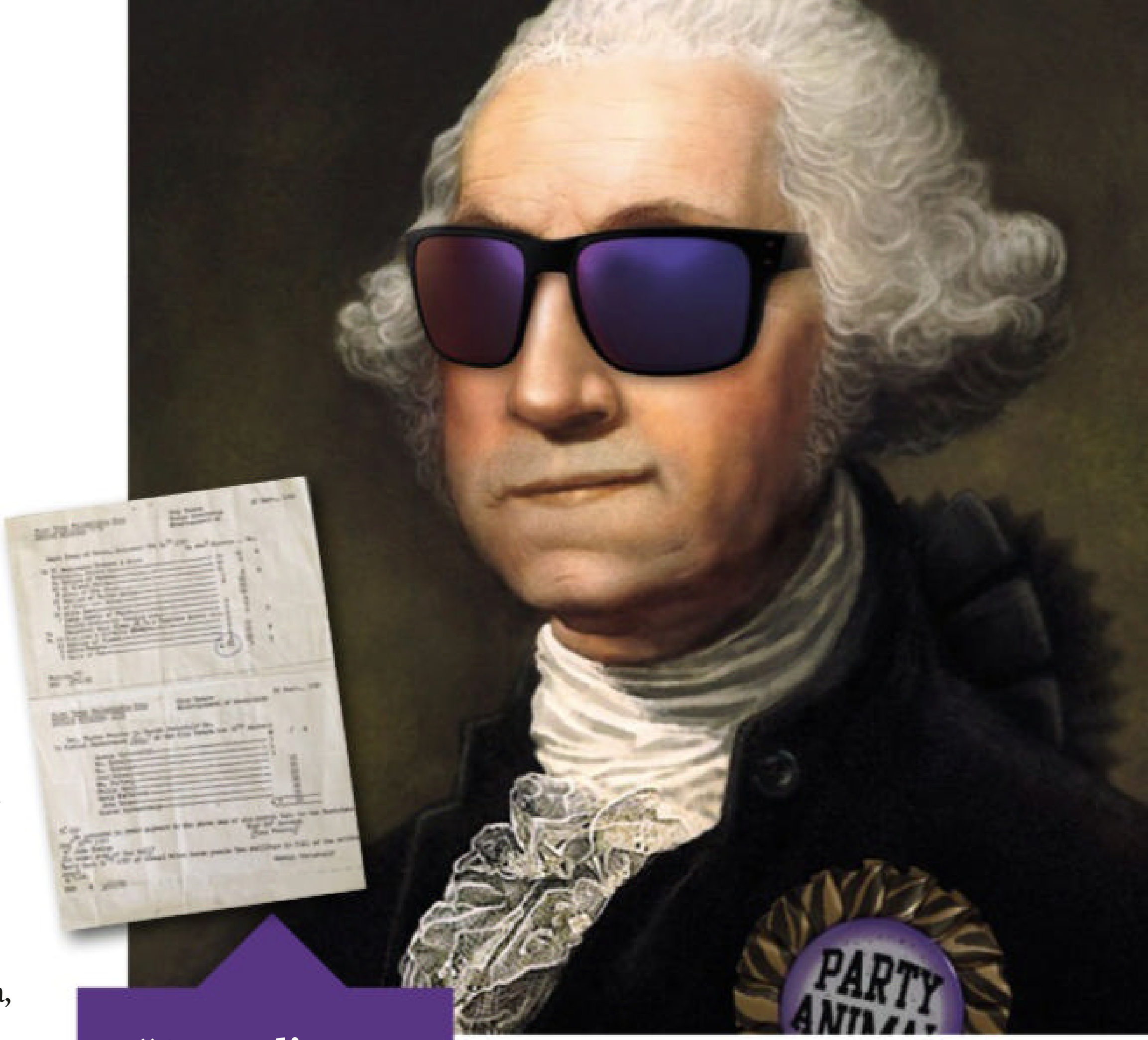
Only 25 years after the release of *Thriller*, the drug-dependent recluse would be dead after suffering cardiac arrest.

Today Jackson’s legacy is slightly tainted, but *Thriller* stands the test of time.

“You’re fighting for your life inside a killer, thriller.”

# Nothing Exceeds Like Excess

COWS, GOLD, BOOZE—TURNS OUT YOU CAN BE EXTRAVAGANT WITH ANYTHING YOU FANCY



## THE FOUNDING FATHERS' BAR TAB

A whopping bar bill for a 1787 farewell party for George Washington is still intact. Who needs to read books when you can read bar tabs, right? According to the receipt, what the Founding Fathers drank during their shindig in Philadelphia is enough to put anyone's binges to shame—and its total would top more than 17 grand in today's dollars! Keep in mind there were only 55 attendees, and they supposedly packed away 54 bottles of Madeira, 60 bottles of Bordeaux, eight bottles of whiskey, 22 bottles of porter ale, eight bottles of hard cider, 12 jugs of beer, and seven large bowls of spiked punch. Impressive.

## GORDON BENNETT JR.'S COW YACHT

The son of the founder of the *New York Herald* was born to riches. While his father was well respected for being a hardworking businessman who thrived on making money, Gordon Jr. was merely known for spending it. He once threw a roll of money into a fire simply because it was too large to fit into the pocket of his pants. He bought a whole restaurant because he was annoyed that someone else was sitting in his usual seat. Plus, he had a yacht built with a room especially reserved for a cow, so he could have fresh butter every morning. Believing he would get better butter if the cow was happy, he installed a fan to cool the cow in the heat and supplied a stack of wool blankets to keep it cozy in the cold.

## CHOWING DOWN WITH KING LOUIS XIV

Imagine eating so much your stomach ends up twice the size as that of the average human. That's what happened to French King Louis XIV. Louis, who reigned for 72 years until his death in 1715, was renowned for running his daily routines around food. His evening meal took place around 10 p.m. and typically consisted of 20 to 30 dishes. There were hors d'oeuvres and huge pyramids of fruit served, as well as roasts, chicken pies, turkey, duck, boar, venison, oysters, salmon, sardines, and even turtles with rice and vegetables. His sister-in-law, Princess Palatine, is recorded as saying, "He could eat four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate of salad, two slices of ham, mutton au jus with garlic, a plate of pastry, all followed by fruit and hard-boiled eggs." Some guests would join him—not to eat but just to sit and watch him chow down.

## E. BERRY WALL'S BONKERS WARDROBE

You would have found Evander Berry Wall strolling the streets of New York City toward the end of the 19th century. He became a millionaire by the time he hit 18, and when he turned 22, he inherited more millions from his father and grandfather. He famously spent it all on clothes. There are reports he bought 5,000 neckties and 300 pairs of gloves, refused to drink anything except Champagne and once changed his outfit 40 times before lunch. He outdid even himself when he rocked up to a party wearing black patent leather boots up to his hips.

> "According to the bill, what the Founding Fathers drank is enough to put anyone else's binges in the shade."

## EMPEROR CALIGULA'S GOLD RUSH

Yeah, yeah, we know that Emperor Caligula loved wild sex parties, but he also had a fetish for gold. The third Roman emperor, whose reign ran from 37 to 41 A.D., forced his servants to pile up his gold reserves simply so he could roll around on the metal because he loved the feel of it on his skin. He also fed his favorite horse oats mixed with gold, and to show off how rich he was, he served guests loaves of bread made of solid gold. Sometimes, just for the hell of it, he threw it on the ground so he could walk across it.

## MARIE ANTOINETTE'S CHOCOLATIER

Think obscene luxury—then double it. Marie Antoinette loved anything and everything to excess and threw ridiculously lavish parties. The last queen of France before the Revolution had extravagant taste in clothes, accessories and food. Each day, she started with coffee and a pastry and then sat down for a big lunch, which sounds pretty standard. But some of her snacks included macaroni, cheese and vegetables cooked in cream. And she loved sweets and desserts: petit fours, crystallized fruits, wafers and whatever her staff could serve up to make her eyes dance. She loved chocolate so much she had her own chocolatier at the Palace of Versailles. The wife of King Louis XVI especially liked liquid chocolate, which she drank with whipped cream.

CREDIT: JOE CICAK / MORRISON

TECH

# Making Virtual Reality Worthwhile

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

FOR all the promises virtual reality (VR) makes, it has a long way to go before it sees mass adoption, largely thanks to a number of limiting factors serving as hurdles for casual use.

VR has its place in many niches, including first-person shooter games, flight and work training simulators and immersive experiences that can only be conveyed through the medium of three dimensions. One thing many of its users have in common is their consumption of pornography, which has become the de facto sales driver of the technology. But a lack of worthwhile applications and a limited library of games—offering more gimmicks than full-fledged experiences—hampers the medium.

In contrast to the number of users who utilize their headsets to play video games on a regular basis, VR porn dwarfs every other use-case by a long mile. And that's a problem. Not because it's being used for porn—but because it's not being used for much else. VR is not achieving its full potential, and the market simply isn't sold on the medium—at least not yet.

Virtual reality is an isolating experience. When you put on a headset, it disconnects you from the real world. Maybe that's a good thing for those who want that experience. But for those who feel discomfort in the disconnection, it's a chore. When real life calls, disconnecting from your immersion and reconnecting becomes a wholly irritating ritual.

By itself, getting VR to work is a hassle and a half; it doesn't work out of the box. You have to install drivers, make physical space and have the necessary hardware to even run the damn thing. It's an expensive hobby with little payoff.

Worse still, most VR headsets are not even wireless; those that are offer decreased graphical fidelity and are about as immersive as watching James Cameron's *Avatar* in 3D. In other words, they suck. The controllers themselves are unintuitive and require you to fumble around to perform the simplest tasks in most games, such as *Skyrim VR* and *Doom VFR*, where even moving around requires you to teleport from place to place. While it's nice that some major developers offer VR experiences, these offerings are few and far between. The VR market isn't big enough for most publishers to even invest in creating standalone VR titles. It's a poor investment for both publishers and consumers, and that feeds into the circuitous problem of there not being enough users to make the development worthwhile—and not enough games for most users to justify buying a headset.

The reduction in bulk and wireless freedom are a given. Miniaturization and wirelessness will come with the march of progress, but there are a number of things VR manufacturers can do to make their products worthwhile.

VR's problems need to be addressed at the roots. Its greatest strength, isolation, is also its greatest weakness. Coupled with the disorientation you experience when you come back to reality, there's simply no easy way to "tab out." The VR industry could learn a thing or two from Apple: Add a transparency mode.

**"Virtual reality is an isolating experience. When you put on a headset, it disconnects you from the real world."**

You shouldn't need to take off your headset to see and hear the world around you or respond to your email. It has to be convenient to be attractive to the wider market. After all, noise-isolating headphones wouldn't be quite as convenient if you had to take them off to talk to someone. And being able to see your surroundings would eliminate the hassle of removing and putting back on your headset, completely killing the immersion. Having cameras and microphones mounted on the headset is an easy fix—to say nothing of how bulky these things are at the moment.

The elephant in the room is the fact that there's no standard for VR headsets. While some applications work on multiple devices, most simply do not. You're either getting an Oculus, an HTC Vive or a Samsung. You might go for a Valve Index, if you're feeling extravagant. Platform exclusivity is a factor that limits what you can experience with your investment.

Unlike TVs and monitors, the experience is less than uniform, for both developers and users alike—and given that the whole point of VR is to be immersive, anything less than a solid experience is not only immersion-breaking, it's headache-inducing. It doesn't help that VR headsets have intense hardware requirements; the cost of VR doesn't end with the headset alone.

The good news is that the industry understands these problems and is actively working to solve them. It only remains to be seen if the consumer market will have the patience to tolerate VR as a work in progress before it finally reaches maturity.

CREDIT: BETHESDA.NET

# TACTICAL ROLE-PLAYING IS BACK

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

WHAT'S old is new again. The tactical role-playing games (RPGs) many of us grew up with in the late '90s and the early 2000s will always have a special place in our hearts—be it *Baldur's Gate*, *Fallout* or *Final Fantasy Tactics*.

For a while, it seemed video games had moved on from the genre and on to greener pastures. As visuals got more advanced and gameplay more frenetic, there seemed to be no place for slow-paced, story-driven experiences. Outside a handful of select releases by Obsidian Entertainment and Larian Studios, most companies invested in role-playing as a whole preferred to adopt the "bigger equals better" approach of open-world RPGs like *Skyrim* and *Cyberpunk 2077*—titles that blur the line between action game and RPG.

It's hard to tell a story where your choices matter when your only options are to pull the trigger or swing a sword. Telling a story, or at least one that's reactive to your actions, requires context and character motivation—elements that only an ample amount of dialogue options can offer.

Enter the tactical RPG: a genre that rewards patience and calls on players to invest time in creating and subsequently role-playing a character, and doesn't require much (if anything) in the way of reflexes. It's no secret that as gamers are aging, so too are their tastes—and there are few things more accommodating to older gamers who want to sit back and think about their actions than an RPG that doesn't penalize its players for not being good with a gamepad.

There's nothing new about tactical RPGs—and it's partly what draws so many gamers to them. Millennials who grew up on the turn-based and "real time with pause" RPGs of Y2K will feel at home with the new generation of titles led by the likes of *Wasteland 3*, *Pathfinder: Wrath of the Righteous*, and *Pillars of Eternity II*. *Baldur's Gate 3*, made by longtime RPG producer Larian Studios, is also playable and slated for a full release in 2022.

WASTELAND 3

> **"As visuals got more advanced and gameplay more frenetic, there seemed to be no place for slow-paced, story-driven experiences."**

Many millennials—at least those who didn't lose themselves in *Counter-Strike*—grew up on tactical RPGs but that says nothing of the fact that the genre has always catered to a more mature crowd. It's as if these gamers, now of age, are finally old enough to truly appreciate what the genre has to offer.

The resurgence of the tactical RPG is largely owed to the fact it can now be experienced by an audience that's looking for more than the cheap thrill of landing the top spot in an *Apex Legends* leaderboard—a feat that requires quick reflexes and mastery of the first-person shooter. If you've played one tactical RPG, you already have the means to play them all. There's no learning curve, unless you're playing one for the first time ever.

There's only one real way to play a shooter: You point and click. That's it. In a tactical RPG, not only are there different difficulty options, there's the option to play the game as one of a myriad different classes—such as a spellcaster, charming bard, swordslinger or stealthy rogue and every combination in between. In a well-made RPG, your experience is geared toward your personal preference.

One unique feature offered by every tactical RPG is that each playthrough can be tailored to the player's liking. Prefer to breeze through the combat? Just play on story mode or disable perma-death. Prefer a tactical experience? You can do that, too.

While a round of *Apex Legends* or *Call of Duty* can give you a quick fix—provided you play well, of course—games like *Pathfinder* offer a more fulfilling, substantial experience that lingers long after you've finished your first playthrough. These story-driven, tactically minded games require you to invest in your character and the choices you make, which impact the world and the characters around you.

The realms in which the stories take place offer a respite from the monotony and grind of the real world, away from cancel culture, crime and the hassles of daily life. It's easy to get lost in the fantasy worlds of Faerûn, Rivellon or Golarion, settings replete with their own culture and political machinations—all of which you have an active hand in shaping. Here, your choices matter.

With the COVID-19 pandemic locking much of the world indoors, there are few better places to explore than the worlds behind the looking glass—and they're adventures you can experience at the beat of your own drum.

CREDIT: INXILE ENTERTAINMENT

FILM

# ONSCREEN PSYCHOS

BY PAUL DALGARNO

SMOOTH talking, violent and devoid of humanity: Who doesn't love a psycho? Psychos are good for the chills—*Fatal Attraction*, if nothing else, put a whole generation off rabbit stew—but they're also lots of fun to be around.

It's hard not to enjoy the babyishly brutal Peter III of Russia as played by Nicholas Hoult in the Hulu series *The Great*. (The fact Hoult's most memorable performance before that involved him singing "Killing Me Softly" as a kid without friends in 2002's *About a Boy* was a clear warning.) It's equally hard not to cheer for the Joker as he repeatedly tries to end boring-as-batshit Batman. Likewise Moriarty (possible psycho) as he torments goody-two-shoes coke fiend Sherlock Holmes, and Wile E. Coyote (definite psycho) as he tries to flatten Road Runner.

Tim Roth's character in the new film *Sundown* was described in *The Guardian* as a "wonderfully relaxed sociopath," and the movie itself was dubbed the "funniest" and "nastiest" at this year's Venice Film Festival—a classic blend of right-on and revolting.

Villanelle (Jodie Comer) in *Killing Eve* is a "living, breathing, shopping, killing psychopath"—not to mention babe—whose attractiveness to Eva Polastri (Sandra Oh) is perfectly believable. Dexter Morgan (Michael C. Hall) in *Dexter* is a square-jawed, cop-come-psycho who kills for, um, good. Patrick Bateman (Christian Bale) in *American Psycho* makes us laugh while cleaving heads. Annie Wilkes (Kathy Bates) in *Misery* is a loveable homebody who hobbles a writer with a mallet and Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) in *Psycho* wears his mom's clothes—lol.

The stylized brutality of the screen sociopath is a salve for society's chafing manacles. Unlike us, they're given free rein to do whatever they want, which usually involves sticking it to the man, literally.

> **"If you're conflicted about having feels for screen psychos, take heart from the fact that you're not a psycho."**

If you're conflicted about having feels for screen psychos, take heart from the fact that you're not a psycho. Real psychos lack empathy and wouldn't feel conflicted (or any other emotion) about cheering for the bad guys in *A Clockwork Orange*. They probably don't even Netflix and chill because they reportedly have no creativity or inner life.

Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) in *Silence of the Lambs*, with his love of art and literature, not to mention his appetite—in a good way—for Jodie Foster's Clarice? Killer, please! A 2014 Belgian study by forensic psychiatrists looked at 126 fictional psychopaths and concluded Anton Chigurh (Javier Bardem) of the Cohen Brothers' *No Country for Old Men* was the most clinically accurate portrayal. Which is to say: If a dude with a terrifying haircut and air-powered bolt gun asks you for a quick game of heads or tails, keep walking. The same study found that—as in real life—there were far fewer female screen psychos than male. The majority of those that exist—just think Catherine Tramell (Sharon Stone) in *Basic Instinct*—tend to be sexy killer nymphs, which again is sadly unrealistic, unless you're a spider.

I mean, I say "sadly" but I don't really mean it. What do you think I am—a psycho?

CREDIT: COLUMBIA TRISTAR

WOMAN OF THE MOMENT

# TRUE GRIT

## OUTSPOKEN INDIGENOUS BEAUTY QUANNAH CHASINGHORSE SHINES AS AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL

STUNNING and strong, Indigenous model and activist Quannah Chasinghorse is redefining American beauty. Dubbed one of fashion's freshest new faces, Quannah embraces her unique ancestry, which includes the Raven Clan of the Hän Gwich'in from Alaska and Native American Oglala Lakota from South Dakota.

The 19-year-old trailblazer, who was born in Navajo Nation territory in Arizona and has lived in Alaska for more than a decade, wowed A-listers and fans alike at last fall's Met Gala. She walked the red carpet clad in a glimmering gold gown by Peter Dundas for Revolve and Navajo turquoise jewelry from her "aunty" Jocelyn Billy-Upshaw, who was crowned Miss Navajo Nation in 2006. Considered the badass breakout star of the evening, Quannah was praised on social media for her exquisite embodiment of the event's theme: "In America: A Lexicon of Fashion."

Her glowing looks were also accentuated by her attention-grabbing ink—the lines extending down her chin and trailing from the corners of her expressive eyes are traditional Hän Gwich'in hand-poked tattoos called Yidįįłtoo.

She says of her tattoos, "They make me feel more confident because I'm carrying a part of my ancestors that was almost completely lost" due to colonization.

Quannah explains the middle line on her chin was "all about becoming a woman."

She adds in her culture, "When someone steps into her womanhood, she is now able to give birth, get married and start taking on more responsibilities. With that comes a ceremony; we always hold a ceremony when we do traditional tattoos. It was such a powerful experience. When I got the tattoo, I really felt myself connecting to a deeper part of myself."

Quannah says her tattoos are "a great reminder of who I am, the powerful meaning, how far I've come, where I come from and how resilient and strong my people, my bloodline and my ancestors are."

Before she attended the high-profile New York City bash—and graced the cover of *Vogue* Mexico with her nose ring and Alaska Native earrings—Fairbanks-based Quannah used her voice to advocate for conservation of her state's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, which has been threatened by fossil fuel extraction.

With nearly 250,000 followers on her Instagram account @quannah.rose, her social media platform reflects her concern for the environment and her devotion to causes she holds dear, and Quannah says, "I grew up seeing my mom work so hard for her people—she taught me that there's no shame in speaking up."

Quannah says her mother also taught her and her brothers "how to hunt, fish, chop wood, and took us berry picking," and the family "had our own snare line and trapline. We even had a dog team, and when it would get too cold to where the vehicle wouldn't start, my mom would drop us off by dog team."

But a hunger for activism has remained ever present in her life and was even the springboard for her modeling debut in a 2020 Calvin Klein campaign that emphasized the importance of voting—a gig that led to her being signed by powerhouse agency IMG Models.

However, her very presence in the world of high fashion is its own form of activism, a fact that doesn't escape intuitive Quannah. She admits in her youth, "I was obsessed with watching runway shows on television—Dior, Chanel, Prada—and I was always posing for pictures." But she says a lack of representation made it "really hard" for her to feel like she had the potential to be a model.

"I never grew up feeling confident because of the negative stereotypes of Native Americans," says Quannah. "But that's changing. Today, younger generations are going to be able to witness Indigenous excellence on the cover of magazines—and hopefully everywhere."

Firmly grounded in her beliefs, unafraid to speak her mind and exuding a confidence that only enhances her natural beauty makes Quannah our quintessential woman of the moment.

CREDIT: GETTY

Rachell Hofstetter

Mia Malkova

GAMER GIRLS

# GAME CHANGERS

## ESPORTS ARE HOTTER THAN EVER—AND SO ARE THESE ACCOMPLISHED INDUSTRY WOMEN

GAMING and esports are booming with independent creators and competitors attracting an ever-growing audience. Some experts estimate monthly esports viewers will soon skyrocket to more than 26 million a month. But this digital domain has largely been dominated by men, and esports organization Fnatic estimates women comprise a scant 16 percent of the executive leaders at the world's top companies. However, the times they are a-changing, and a growing number of smart, savvy ladies are putting their mark on the industry—both in the executive suite and on camera. Here *Penthouse* takes a look at a dozen of the industry's major female players.

### MIA MALKOVA

California cutie Mia Malkova, 29, is not only a Penthouse Pet. Our October 2016 cover girl also has a "chill" channel on Twitch @miamalkova with more than 600,000 followers. The blonde beauty says she likes "to chat ... eat good food and play a variety of games! My stream is fairly relaxing until it's not." The self-proclaimed "fantasy nerd" reveals she mainly plays RPGs because "I love to feel immersed!" When she's not gaming, Mia enjoys hiking and cuddling her four pups. The curvy beauty posts updates about her streaming schedule on Twitter @miamalkova and shares "fun" and "creative" photos on Instagram @mia_malkova.

### RACHELL "VALKYRAE" HOFSTETTER

With more than 3.6 million followers on Instagram and 3.5 million subscribers on YouTube, Rachell Hofstetter, 30, is a superstar gamer. In fact, Stream Hatchet named her the No. 1 female streamer with 12.2 million hours of content watched in the first quarter of last year. Dubbed the "Queen of YouTube," Rachell—who uses the online alias Valkyrae—is known for streaming herself playing *Fortnite* with her girl squad. In 2018, she became the first female gamer and content creator for competitive esports team 100 Thieves. And in early 2021, she became a co-owner of the L.A.-based gaming and lifestyle brand, joining content creator CouRageJD, music mogul Scooter Braun, Cleveland Cavaliers owner Dan Gilbert, rapper Drake and 100 Thieves founder Matthew "Nadeshot" Haag.

### AMANDA RUBIN

In 2019, Electronic Arts alum Amanda Rubin joined Enthusiast Gaming as their East Coast sales VP. The publicly traded company bills itself as "the world's largest platform of communities for gamers and esports fans," reaching more 300 million global gamers monthly through its portfolio of communities. With a combination of media, esports and live gaming events fueling its growth, Enthusiast has become an industry force, and Amanda's talents have helped agencies and brands reach sought-after millennial audiences. She's said to be working on expanding the

Lindsay Caudill

Nicole LaPointe Jameson

business's reach via partnerships with the U.S. Navy, L'Oreal's Essie and State Farm Insurance, among others.

**LINDSAY CAUDILL**
Dallas-based esports franchise Team Envy was founded in 2007 as a professional *Call of Duty* team. It has since branched out into multiple field rosters, including *Fortnite, Halo* and *Counter-Strike* and counts Lindsay Caudill as their social media manager. In addition to running the company's main social channels, Lindsay has also spearheaded Envy's philanthropic and inclusivity initiatives. Most recently, the digital dynamo—who can be found on Twitch @handiicat—organized a charity stream to raise money for organizations supporting gals in gaming and entertainment and said in a recent interview, "Gaming is not something that is exclusive to males. It's something that is celebrated by everyone."

**NICOLE LAPOINTE JAMESON**
Since May 2019, Nicole LaPointe Jameson has been the CEO of esports organization Evil Geniuses, which is said to be valued at $255 million. Being tapped for the top spot made Nicole the first Black woman to lead a major esports organization. Now 27, she's credited with helping Evil Geniuses reopen its *Counter-Strike: Global Offensive* division. Notably, in January 2021 Evil Geniuses became the first major esports team to sign a mixed-gender squad for *Valorant*. She once Tweeted: "I don't care where you come from. Nor your creed, gender, religion, class, past industry or sexual orientation. If you are the best of the best, you have a home here at Evil Geniuses."

**SUE "SMIX" LEE**
*StarCraft* player Sue Lee, known online as Smix, just wrapped a six-year stretch of working at Twitch—most recently as account director of strategic partnerships. Last year, she also kicked off a new personal chapter, tying the knot with Robin Johansson, also known as former *Counter-Strike: Global Offensive* pro player Fifflaren. Fluent in Korean and English, Sue, 31, got her start translating live gaming events before hosting tourneys at BlizzCon and DreamHack. Though she's ended her career at Twitch, she has a new role as VP of talent management at the recently launched RTS, co-founded by streaming influencer Imane "Pokimane" Anys.

**TRICIA SUGITA**
Three years after *League of Legends* team FlyQuest was founded in 2017, the organization named Tricia Sugita as CEO. Since then, Trisha—who goes by @megumixbear on Twitter and Twitch—has vowed to ensure the company will "showcase greatness." She cut her serious gaming teeth on *StarCraft II,* but her interest in esports really took off after attending 2011's BlizzCon. She was a streamer, host, caster, interviewer and pro player before moving to the business side. "I'm happy to see a lot more women [in esports] than before, and I hope this trend continues upwards," Tricia says. "One of our goals at FlyQuest, and the one that speaks most to me, is to empower women."

**KYOUNG-EY "AVALLA" KIM**
Paris Eternal's general manager Kyoung-ey Kim, also known by the online alias Avalla or simply as Molly, was the last person standing after the French pro *Overwatch* team cleaned house in 2020 as part of cost-cutting measures. It's since rebuilt its roster—thanks to 27-year-old Molly scoping out the European *Overwatch* community and recruiting a new team of six, as well as coaches. In the 2021 offseason, Eternal competed in the SteelSeries Invitational and tied with the London Spitfire in third place, having lost against the Boston Uprising 2–3. Australian-born Molly, who can be found on Twitter and Twitch @avalla_ow, recently revealed she'll remain with Paris Eternal through the 2022 season.

CREDIT: INSTAGRAM.COM

Mari Takahashi

### MARI TAKAHASHI

YouTube darling Mari Takahashi, 36, spent more than a decade working for the YT comedy channel Smosh and cofounded Smosh Games in 2011, appearing in multiple series on the channel—including her own shows, *Super Mari Fun Time* and *MariCraft*. Stepping out on her own in 2020, she now works as a host and YT content creator at AtomicMari, which has more than 300,000 subscribers. A former ballerina—who displayed her nimble moves on Smosh Games' *Just Dance Rematch*—Mari climbed Mount Fuji in Japan, ice-climbed three peaks in the Cordillera Blanca in South America and has skydived and is scuba certified. She also competed on the 33rd season of *Survivor*, entitled *Survivor: Millennials vs. Gen X*, and placed 19th.

### JANET SHIM

In July 2021, Janet Shim was named director of program operations for Vindex-owned esports production and tournament company Esports Engine. The exec, who can be found @janet_shim on Twitter and @janet.shim on Instagram, was part of the Riot Games team that received the 2020 Sports Emmy Award for Outstanding Esports Coverage for the League of Legends World Championship finals. Janet had worked on esports production for more than eight years for Riot. In her new position, she's heading Esports Engine's program design and execution strategy—and working with key stakeholders to develop market strategies for the biz and its top brass.

### ANNE-MARGOT RODDE

L.A.-based Anne-Margot Rodde is the founder and CEO of WePlay, having launched the video game marketing agency in 2013. The longtime marketing guru—who holds an MA from London Metropolitan University—has produced major events and campaigns for companies including Xbox, PlayStation, Nexon, Riot Games and EA Games. She also didn't let the COVID-19 pandemic slow her down. In March 2020, she kicked off WePlay Consulting, which assists video game companies with development strategies to grow their audiences and nail down partnerships. Among her consulting clients are Jack Morton, Spark Media, Prodigy, Station 12, Stryfe and One Team Partners.

### MAGALI HUOT

Head of games publishers at YouTube, Magali Huot is a longtime entertainment industry veteran, having previously worked in marketing at Warner Bros. As part of her position at YT, she advises game publishers on ways to use the platform to grow their businesses. She also lends her talents to helping companies execute events, but her reach stretches beyond esports tournaments. She's also had a hand in shepherding digital music experiences, including rapper Travis Scott's Astronomical Event in 2020 and pop princess Ariana Grande's 2021 Rift Tour—both in *Fortnite*. Check out the game's YT channel to catch videos of the shows—and more.

CREDIT: GETTY

PENTHOUSE
VAULT
penthousevault.com

# SHEER DELIGHT

## REBECCA CHEN

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
**JEROME BIALES**

BEACH babe Rebecca Chen knows how to rock a bikini! While skimpy swimwear suits her just fine, she's equally stunning in luscious lingerie and daring dresses. These photos show the brunette beauty knows her way in front of the camera, but she's also a dynamo on the dance floor. "I used perform and compete in salsa dancing," she tells *Penthouse*, "and eventually I worked as a go-go dancer in nightclubs."

The Singapore native has put down roots in Thailand and says there's no place she'd rather live. In her spare time, she works up a sweat at the gym practicing Muay Thai boxing and relaxes by catching some rays at the shore.

If she could do anything for the day, Rebecca tells us, "I'd love to travel into space." But if you ask us, she's already out of this world.

**FAST FACTS**

- Her ideal date: "Hanging out at the beach, having coconuts and stuffing ourselves with barbecued seafood."
- The most exciting place she's ever had sex: "In my workplace—a Pilates studio. We got caught by the security guard, and I was fired the next day. LOL!"
- Her favorite qualities about herself: "I'm forgiving, generous and ambitious."
- Her ideal man: "He should be kind, outgoing and mature."
- Her dream vacation spot: Saint-Tropez

AGE: 31
HEIGHT: 5′5″
INSTAGRAM: @rebeccachenxoxo

Rebecca
Chen
XOXO

PENTHOUSE
LETTERS
penthouseletters.com

## MANYVIDS PRESENTS

### 15 QUESTIONS WITH

# GINGER BANKS

### MV EXCLUSIVE PHOTOSET & INTERVIEW

**Photographer:** Dominic Lachance

**What inspired you to become a content creator?**

I was in college, where I felt safe to express myself sexually for the first time after leaving my small, closed-minded town. I spent a lot of my free time online, trying to turn other people on and make them smile. Eventually, I realized there was potential to make money doing this, so I started webcamming, and then I recorded my webcam shows to sell. When ManyVids came around, it was the perfect opportunity to put those videos to use; because of my extensive library of videos, I spent a few months as the No. 1 model on the platform.

**Tell us one thing that no one knows about Ginger Banks.**

I am a very open book, so this one is hard for me. Not many people know this, but I'm still legally married to my ex-boyfriend from college.

**Do you prefer to cook or eat takeout?**

I prefer to eat out at restaurants with my friends!

**What song best describes you?**

The song "Das Me" by Brooke Candy is one of my anthems.

**What is your favorite quality in a partner?**

My favorite quality in a partner is the ability to play and have fun.

**If you were stranded on an island, what three items would you want with you?**

A hatchet, some flint and water purifying tablets.

**What is your favorite thing about your line of work?**

My favorite thing is that it gives me the time and freedom to philosophize on the topics I am most passionate about, such as consciousness-raising, plant medicine ceremonies, sexual freedom, sexual education, healing from trauma and more.

**Do you prefer salty or sweet treats?**

Sweet all the way!!! That's why my photo shoot location at the Candi Bar in Montreal was perfect for me! :)

**What inspires you most?**

What inspires me most is getting someone to think about the way they have been taught to think about sex and sex work. If I can get people to realize that their harmful treatment and attitude toward sex workers contributes to the trauma from society, then I am happy. If I can get someone to recognize that their internalized shame around their sexuality is holding them back from their full potential, then my day is made.

**What is your favorite color?**

Hot pink!

slay

**Close your eyes and picture ultimate happiness. Where are you?**

I am sitting on the beach, surrounded by all my loved ones, and we are watching the most beautiful sunset that any of us has ever seen. We go into town, and the topic of sex or sex work is brought up, and the people involved in the conversation are open-minded, treating you with love in every interaction.

**Name a movie that changed your perspective.**

*Religulous* by Bill Maher was the first thing that got me to question what the church had taught me. I think it pushed me a little too far in the “super atheist” direction for a while, and I rejected all forms of spirituality because of it.

**How would you describe your style of love?**

I try to fully love and accept the people I meet on this Earth. Love is the highest energy emotion that you can feel. Did you know that when you focus your intention on love while holding water that the molecules will rearrange themselves? Our thoughts and feelings can affect the material world around us, so I want to make as big of a positive impact on this world as possible.

**What do you like to do when nobody is watching?**

I like to dance like it could be the last thing I ever do. Freely moving my body has brought so much joy into my life over the past few years.

**What is at the top of your bucket list?**

Travel to Bali, Israel and any other place I feel called to.

**GingerBanks.ManyVids.com**

VOTE FOR THE NEXT PET OF THE YEAR!

# PENTHOUSE

EACH YEAR, PENTHOUSE SCOURS THE GLOBE TO SELECT 12 OF THE MOST GORGEOUS WOMEN IN THE WORLD. THEY'RE ALL SPECIAL BEAUTIES—BUT ONLY ONE CAN BE CROWNED PET OF THE YEAR.

**VANNA BARDOT**

**JANUARY PET OF THE MONTH**

**LASIRENA69**

**FEBRUARY PET OF THE MONTH**

**LACEY LONDON**

**MARCH PET OF THE MONTH**

**RILEY ANNE**

**APRIL PET OF THE MONTH**

# Pet PLAYOFF

**TRU KAIT**
MAY PET OF THE MONTH

**HARLI LOTTS**
JUNE PET OF THE MONTH

**SKY WONDERLAND**
JULY PET OF THE MONTH

**CHERIE NOEL**
AUGUST PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE

# *Pet* PLAYOFF

VOTE FOR OUR NEXT PET OF THE YEAR AT PENTHOUSE.COM

**CAROLINA WHITE**
SEPTEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

**ANGELA WHITE**
OCTOBER PET OF THE MONTH

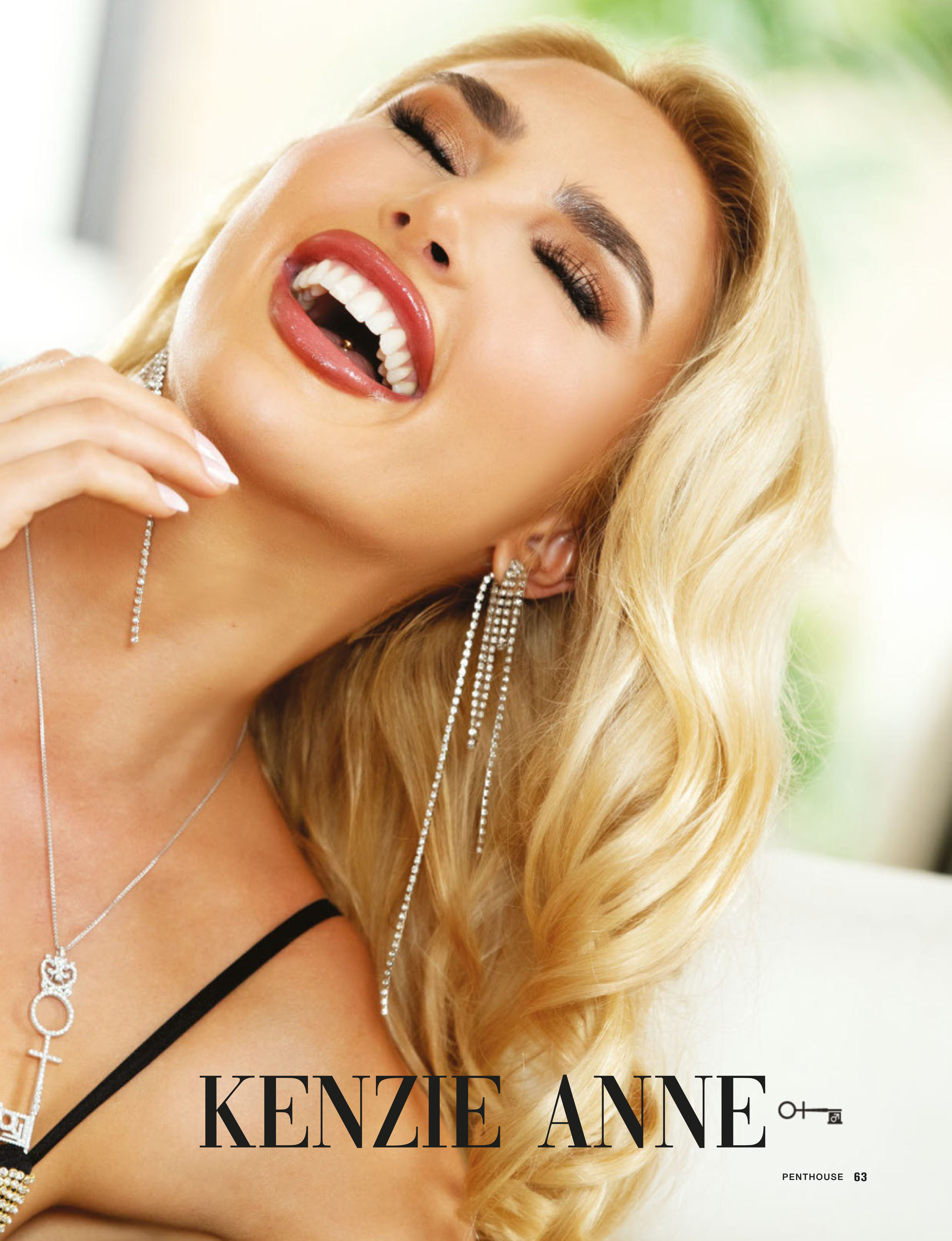
**HANNA CARTER**
NOVEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

**AMBER MARIE**
DECEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE
GOLD
penthousegold.com

# QUEEN OF HEARTS

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
GERALD DE BEHR



# KENZIE ANNE

# “SEXY TALK IS HOT!”

—KENZIE

# KENZIE ANNE

BLONDE bombshell Kenzie Anne first graced the pages of *Penthouse* as our November 2020 Pet of the Month, and now we're pleased to crown her as our reigning Pet of the Year! The 5-foot-7 stunner can light up the room with her megawatt smile and just as easily spark a thousand fantasies with her smoldering brown eyes. With curves for days, this expressive Pisces is speaking our language—and we're eagerly lapping up every word!

**How did you get into modeling?**
When I was 19, I was working as a hairdresser at a salon in California when an agent scouted me for some commercial modeling. While agencies spent time encouraging a youthful, commercial look for me, I was always pushing the boundaries with sexy and edgier looks.

**What do you enjoy about erotic photography?**
I love fashion, but when it comes to shooting, I feel my sexiest when I'm naked. Fashion always feels like I'm assuming someone else's body or expression. Whoever designed the clothing wants you to feel a certain way when you have it on, and while I can appreciate the art in it, it's not *my* art.

**Tell us something about you that most people don't know.**
I did very well in school and achieved a degree in Natural Science, making the dean's list every semester. I keep my science books on my library shelf in my house to remind myself how capable I am of any goal I set my energy toward.

**What do you do when you're not working?**
I love being outside with a book or working out. Pilates and pole dancing are my favorite forms of exercise, but you can't beat a walk with my lovely dog, Lola

---

**AGE:** 28
**MEASUREMENTS:** 34C-26-39
**HOMETOWN:** Newbury Park, Calif.
**INSTAGRAM & TWITTER:** @misskenzieanne
**WEBSITE:** misskenzieanne.com

# Kenzie Anne XOXO

POSE FOR
PENTHOUSE
MODELS@PENTHOUSE.COM

# LAW AND DISORDER AT THE VA

### THE DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS POLICE PLEDGE TO PROTECT THOSE WHO SERVE—BUT SOME ARGUE THE AGENCY IS ONE OF THE LEAST ACCOUNTABLE FEDERAL FORCES IN AMERICA.

**BY JASPER CRAVEN**

AMERICA'S obligation to veterans was solidified in the country's imagination by President Abraham Lincoln, who in the final days of the Civil War called upon Congress to "care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan." Two major policies stemmed from Lincoln's request: standardized pension payments and the establishment of a national network of homes for veterans with disabilities.

The first of these facilities was erected in 1867. Along with providing care to those who'd served, these homes also featured an internal judicial system, one largely intended to keep suffering veterans out of civilian prisons. Much like the outside world, these homes had police officers upholding the rules and jail cells for offenders. This was perhaps the earliest example of hospital policing in America, a trend that has rapidly accelerated in recent years, both in private hospitals and also at facilities run by the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA).

Today, the VA operates a well-armed law enforcement agency of more than 4,000 officers. There are, of course, legitimate reasons to ensure safety inside VA clinics, which often treat military-trained patients with severe psychological issues. The department's purported values are summed up in its simple motto: "Protecting Those Who Served."

Yet this maxim doesn't always match the reality on the ground. For decades, veteran patients have been improperly surveilled, assaulted and criminally charged. VA police themselves are poorly trained and face little oversight. When I investigated them for *The Intercept* two years ago, I found dozens of troubling stories, including cops disregarding basic police procedures and violating veterans' constitutional rights.

In the wake of that report, lawmakers and VA officials promised reforms. And yet little has been done. Days after the VA pledged to create new oversight structures, the department's then-top cop sent an e-mail to officers assuring them that new rules would have "very little to no impact on you, your officers and your operations." He further promised that oversight would largely remain scant and at the hospital level. "You and your teams do an outstanding job, day in and day out," he concluded.

In the face of sclerosis, a slew of new horror stories has emerged. At one facility, in Butler, Penn., cops ran training drills with loaded weapons, a stunt that endangered veterans and broke federal rules. In Bay Pines, Fla., an officer used excessive force on a veteran, then authored false arrest affidavits to justify his violence. In Roseburg, Ore., another was credibly accused of

CREDIT: VIKAVALTER

placing hidden cameras in the bedroom of a 14-year-old girl.

A number of veteran patients have also been killed by VA cops under dubious circumstances. The most recent incident came in January 2020, when an Army veteran holding a knife was shot 19 times and killed after seeking psychiatric care at a VA facility in Dallas, Texas. A police report said the vet was leaving the hospital when officers chased him down, attempted to disarm him and fired their weapons.

Similarly shocking behavior can be found inside many American police departments. But the VA cops stand out for their reportedly poor hiring practices, incompetent oversight and almost peerless impunity. These conditions collided in the case of José Oliva, a Vietnam veteran and former cop, who in February 2016 was beaten and arrested after seeking dental care at the VA in El Paso, Texas.

During Oliva's security screening that day, a VA cop allegedly demanded to see his license. Oliva's lawyers said their client explained to the officer that his ID was in an inspection bin along with his other personal items. This answer seemingly set off the cop, who approached Oliva, then 70, with handcuffs drawn. In a flash, numerous cops tackled Oliva to the floor and beat him. His subsequent charge of disorderly conduct was later dropped.

Oliva enlisted in the U.S. Air Force in April 1965—one month before his high school graduation. He touched down in Saigon, Vietnam, just before the Tet Offensive, a campaign of savvy surprise attacks against American and allied forces that kicked off the bloodiest year of the war.

During this period, Oliva's hot and humid jungle base was frequently attacked. Over the course of his deployment, several airmen on base lost their lives. "I remember thinking, 'If I survive this mess, I need to follow orders, I need to stay safe,'" Oliva told me. "I didn't want to take any more gambles in life."

And so he didn't. After returning safely to America, Oliva kept on the straight and narrow. "I came back to the United States and got a good life for myself," he explained. "I earned my degree, married my wife, had two little girls." Oliva also came to appreciate the physical and mental health care he received at the VA.

His beating upended everything. Not only did it result in serious shoulder injuries that required surgery, as well as persistent ear and throat issues, but it also caused deep psychological scars. Oliva became skittish to seek care. For a while, he wore sunglasses and a Vietnam veteran baseball cap to appointments in an attempt to blend in. "After the attack, I was much more careful," he said. "I tried to avoid encounters with the cops and others on the hospital premises. But sometimes they'd recognize me and stare at me."

US AIR FORCE

VIETNAM VETERAN JOSÉ OLIVA IN FRONT OF THE VA HOSPITAL IN EL PASO

**"AFTER THE ATTACK, I WAS MUCH MORE CAREFUL, I TRIED TO AVOID ENCOUNTERS WITH THE COPS AND OTHERS ON THE HOSPITAL PREMISES."**

Oliva first sought justice—unsuccessfully—through VA channels. Then he went through the courts, alleging his Fourth Amendment rights against unreasonable searches and seizures were violated by the VA police. His case faced steeps odds, thanks to broad set of legal protections enjoyed by federal officials known as "qualified immunity."

Predictably, the officers who'd beat Oliva invoked these rights at trial. A district court judge rejected the officers' argument, noting that they had "violated clearly established law when they used excessive force on an unresisting suspect" who "did not commit a crime."

Unhappy with this decision, the cops appealed the case to the Fifth Circuit federal appellate court. There, a judge made no decision on the issue of immunity, but nonetheless dealt a blow to Oliva by ruling that he had no standing to sue the federal government. This ruling hinged on an antiquated 1971 decision that created only specific circumstances under which federal officers can be held responsible for constitutional abuses.

In spring 2020, Oliva appealed his case to the Supreme Court of the United States, contending the Fifth Circuit ruling flew in the face of other key judgements. His appeal also argued the ruling set a dangerous precedent, effectively giving broad immunity to all officers across the Fifth Circuit, a massive swath of land encompassing Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi. This region, it's worth noting, is crawling with officers from the FBI, ICE, ATF and CBP.

In a devastating blow, the highest court in the land announced in May that they wouldn't hear Oliva's case.

"I will never give up," he said after the news broke. "As we say in the military: duty, honor, country. We leave no one behind, and we don't give up. I invite every American to join me in this fight. The Constitution is here to protect all of us. It does not take a leave of absence when the perpetrator happens to work for the federal government." ●

CREDIT: INSTITUTE FOR JUSTICE

# Lakeside Memories

## WALL CLOCK

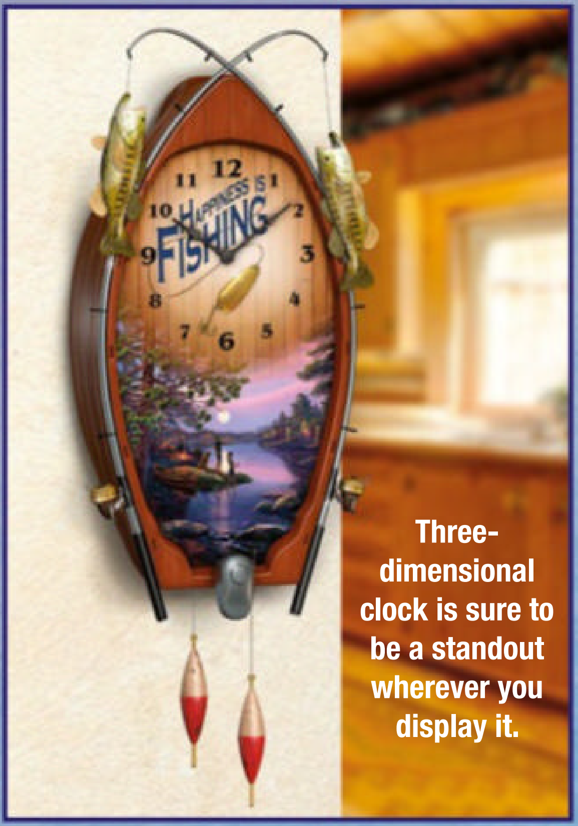
Hand-crafted clock shaped like a fishing boat features James Meger imagery on the clock face

•

Hand-painted sculptural fishing rods, lures and bobbers plus two fish on the end of the lines

•

Precision timepiece with accurate quartz movement



Three-dimensional clock is sure to be a standout wherever you display it.

Almost 1½ Feet High!

Shown smaller than actual size of about 16¾" H x 7¼" W.

Requires 1 "AA" battery (not included).

**ONLY FROM THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE. ORDER TODAY!**

Make the limited-edition *Lakeside Memories Wall Clock* yours in three installments of $33.33, totaling $99.99*, backed by our unconditional, 365-day satisfaction guarantee. Send no money now. Return the Reservation Application today!

**ORDER TODAY AT BRADFORDEXCHANGE.COM/LAKESIDE**

**Where Passion Becomes Art**

©James Meger © 2021 BGE 01-29896-001-BIS

The Bradford Exchange • Since 1973 •

**RESERVATION APPLICATION** **SEND NO MONEY NOW**

**The Bradford Exchange**

9345 Milwaukee Avenue, Niles, IL 60714-1393

**YES.** Please reserve the ***Lakeside Memories Wall Clock*** for me as described in this announcement.

Please Respond Promptly

Mrs. Mr. Ms. ______________________

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address ______________________

City ______________ State ______ Zip ______

Email (optional) ______________________

01-29896-001-E49391

*Plus a total of $15.99 shipping and service; see bradfordexchange.com. Limited-edition presentation restricted to 295 crafting days. Please allow 4-8 weeks after initial payment for shipment. Subject to product availability and order acceptance.

# TO CAPTURE THE BEAUTY

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
**DOUGLAS SAWYER**

WHILE many photographers prefer the controlled environment that comes with shooting indoors, Florida-based photographer Douglas Sawyer makes magic outdoors, illuminating his subjects' bodies with golden sunsets and soft shadows, while they pose amongst nature's backdrops.

"I am strongly guided by my natural environment, and capturing my co-creatives' interaction with those environments is where I find the magic I'm looking for," Sawyer tells *Penthouse*.

"I think I actually coined the term 'environmental boudoir' by accident when trying to describe what I do. It kind of stuck and works to describe much of the mood and locations I work in."

Sawyer says his passion and "joy" for fine art nude portraiture is led by an admiration and desire to empower women.

"I absolutely love the sensual energy of women and really admire women who have a keen sense of who they are. So much of the world is mentally still in the dark ages when it comes to female autonomy of body and sexuality. I love helping women have a voice via my art. The joy it brings is contagious."

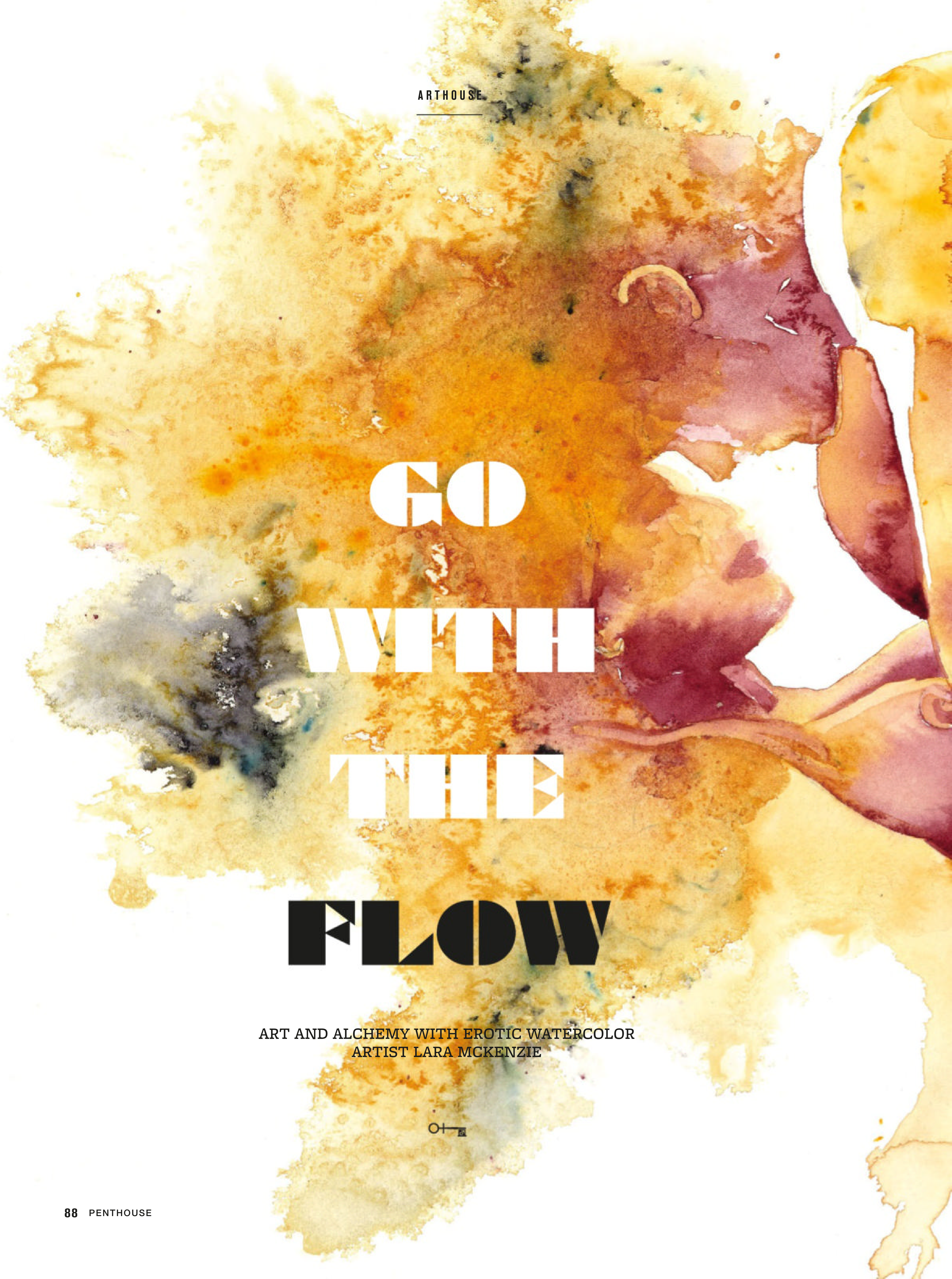
The self-taught shooter, who first picked up a camera five years ago, says learning to go with the flow has been his biggest learning curve in honing his craft.

"I have always been fearless when it came to working with people. I never felt intimidated by the status or popularity of a model, but internally I think I was a ball of stress. I have since let go of that stress," he explains.

"I have learned to find calm on shoots to take everything in slowly, and in that process learned to see the shoot the way I want to. Every day in this medium is another day learning, and the only person you will ever compete with is yourself from yesterday."

---

*INSTAGRAM:* **@dms.386**



# GO WITH THE FLOW

ART AND ALCHEMY WITH EROTIC WATERCOLOR ARTIST LARA MCKENZIE

LARA McKenzie is an artist creating erotic watercolor illustrations from a female point of view under the moniker Wet Strokes Art. *Penthouse* spoke with Lara about how the COVID-19 pandemic kick-started Wet Strokes Art, where her inspirations come from, and how she is using her artworks to empower other women to harness their sexuality.

**How did you come to create Wet Strokes Art?**

I've always done something to do with art. I'd say it was innate; it's always been part of my being. Throughout school I studied fine art and textiles, and after school, I was trying to decide between the two, and I ended up doing a Diploma of Arts in Fashion Design at Australia's National Art School. I ran my own fashion label for a while, but I've always had my heart in painting, so it didn't last. Basically, I went back to painting and spent quite a period of time playing with a lot of different styles from hyperrealistic oil painting to acrylic abstractions. I was introduced to watercolor about five years ago, and it was a real aha moment for me.

Through oil painting, acrylic and watercolor, I was always painting suggestive flowers, and I was kind of on the periphery of erotic art. I never honed in on erotic art until I created Wet Strokes Art. Now I do that full-time. Wet Strokes Art was actually my COVID baby! I was painting but moving between styles and genres. I delved into erotic art around February 2020, and Wet Strokes Art was born.

**What is it about watercolor that lends itself to erotic art?**

As far as watercolor goes, I find it quite expressive and free. I like the analogy that I'm playing the alchemist with watercolor because you're mixing water and pigment together and creating different mediums and textures, and you never quite know what the outcome is going to be. There's a bit of the unknown, while at the same time there are elements of surrender and control with watercolor, which I thought was a really good analogy for intimate moments.

**What draws you to creating art?**

I find erotic art really exciting. There is so much potential for inspiration. I like creating art that celebrates sensuality, sexuality and passion. Not everyone is comfortable talking about sex, and I like that art can be a way of opening that dialogue.

Also, I'm a private, introverted person, so art is how I best express myself. I also find painting to be quite therapeutic. I've had periods of depression and anxiety in the past, and painting has been my therapist to get me through difficult periods. I feel like when I paint, nothing else matters and everything else shuts off. It's like my meditation, and it brings me a lot of personal fulfilment.

**Your art is very sensual and often puts the focus on female pleasure. Is this part of your intention with Wet Strokes Art?**

Absolutely. It feels natural for me to portray pleasure from a female point of view, being a woman myself. I wanted to bring intimacy, connection and emotion into my artwork as well. Instead of a disconnected porn stereotype, I try to portray sensitivity through my erotic paintings. I hope my work empowers women and gives them a sense to go and explore. It's important to remember that women are sexual creatures, too. A lot of the time women forget that, shelve it or prioritize other areas in their lives. I want to empower other women through my art.

**What inspires you?**

As far as artists, my all-time favorite is Georgia O'Keeffe. I've loved her work forever. I think she was so ahead of her time. Her paintings are so feminine and suggestive. She was revolutionary as an artist and as a female artist. As a result of her influence on me, that's how I got into starting to paint suggestive flowers.

**Is your work ever inspired by your own experiences or fantasies?**

I would definitely say my own experiences and fantasies inspire my work. For me, for a painting to be successful and to feel like the painting has worked, I have to have a sense of connection to it. I need to feel immersed in what I'm creating. The research side of things can be fun, too.

> “I WOULD DEFINITELY SAY MY OWN EXPERIENCES AND FANTASIES INSPIRE MY WORK.”

**What's been the most memorable moment of your career so far?**

Besides hearing from *Penthouse*, the most surreal moment has been when a representative contacted me on behalf of a Middle Eastern sheikh who was interested in my art. They set up a meeting with me and him online, and I was expecting to be commissioned for an artwork. But what he actually wanted was to fly me over and become his in-house artist for him at his home. Although I was flattered, I politely declined! ●

---

*INSTAGRAM:* **@wetstrokesart**
*WEBSITE:* **wetstrokesart.com**

# PICNIC IN PARADISE

## MSPUIYI

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
EDWIN GOH

# MSPUIYI

PILLOW-LIPPED lovely MSPUIYI is helping us start off 2022 with a bang as January's Penthouse Pet. The social media sensation—who has millions of followers across the globe and speaks English, Mandarin and Bahasa Melayu—is from the Southeast Asian country Malaysia, where she works as a model and actress. MSPUIYI enjoys kicking back at home and watching movies in her spare time, but she's also an ambitious businesswoman, who's launched her own eponymous cosmetic company, MS PUI YI. She tells *Penthouse* her nickname is Sugar, and we have to admit she sure looks sweet! But one thing's certain—this glam girl is going places, and we're thrilled to have her in our magazine.

**What kind of outdoor activities do you enjoy?**
Tennis, swimming and scuba diving. I'd love to try bungee jumping one day. It's definitely on my bucket list.

**You've previously worked as a waitress and usher, and most recently you've been acting, modeling and building your makeup empire. If you had to choose another kind of job, what would it be?**
A veterinarian—because I adore animals. I have cats, and I love playing with them when I'm chilling at home.

**How would you describe yourself?**
I'm creative and a risk-taker. But I'm also very results-oriented. Deep down, I'm a positive person, but I'm also always ready to put on my thinking cap to come up with new ideas and solve problems.

**What's your favorite way to relax?**
Soaking in a warm bath. I can sometimes focus too much on small details, so it's good to tune out the world every once in a while.

**What are your turn-ons and turn-offs?**
I love when a guy is a good kisser. I'm also attracted to men who are fun and adventurous. But I'm totally turned off by anyone who's pompous and cocky!

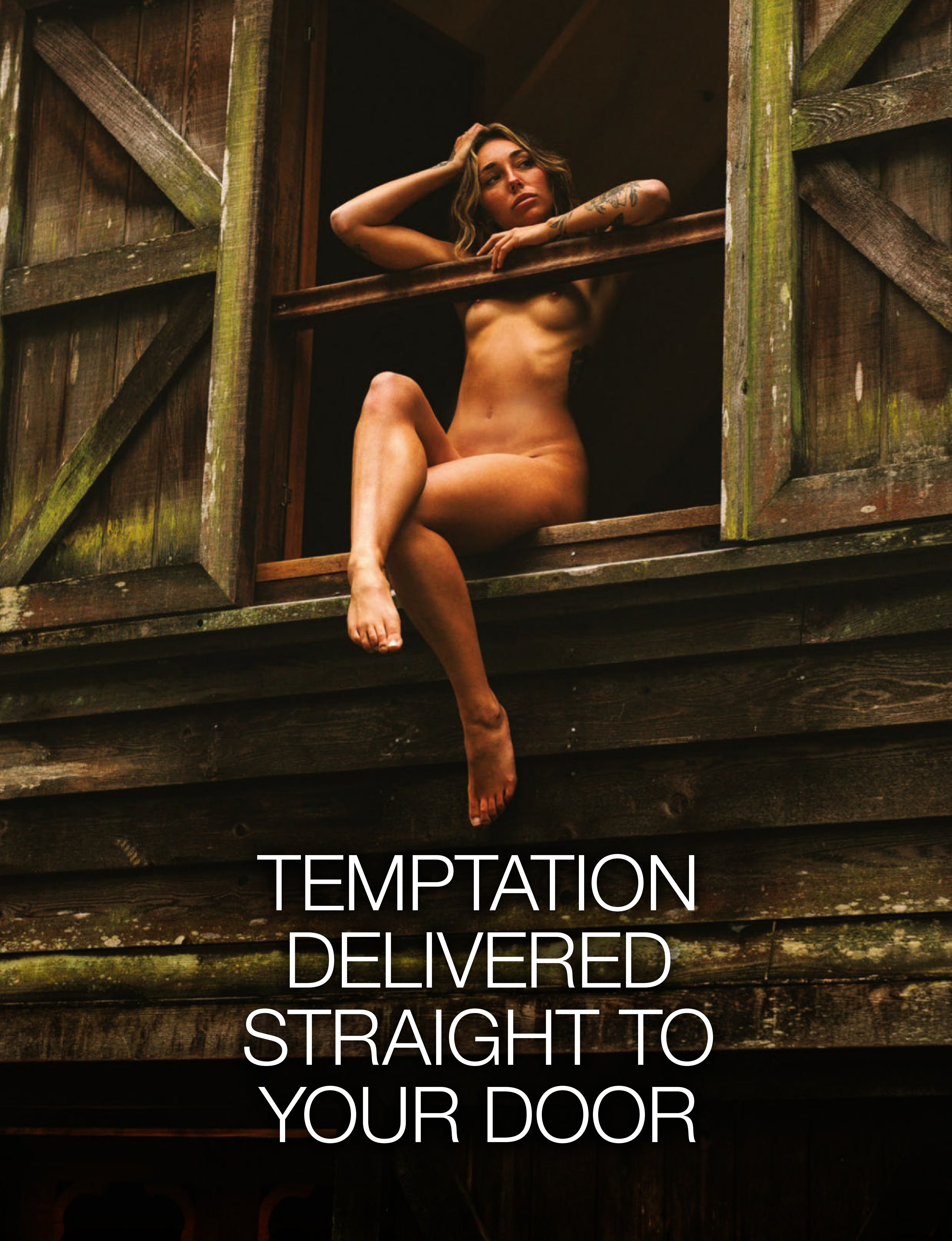
---

**AGE:** 23
**HEIGHT:** 5'5"
**MEASUREMENTS:** 32D-20-28
**HOMETOWN:** Penang, Malaysia
**INSTAGRAM:** @ms_puiyi
**TIKTOK:** @ms_puiyi
**FACEBOOK:** @mspuiyi
**WEBSITE:** mspuiyi.com

MSPUIYI
XOXO

TO SEE MORE OF MSPUIYI VISIT
PENTHOUSEGOLD.COM

PENTHOUSE
CAMS
penthousecams.com


TEMPTATION DELIVERED STRAIGHT TO YOUR DOOR

PENTHOUSE
JAN / FEB 2022
with
MSPUIYI
+
TAHLIA PARIS
THE PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE FEATURING KENZIE ANNE
GAMER GIRLS
ESPORTS SUPERSTARS PLAY TO WIN
THAT'S KILLER!
UNMASKING SCREEN PSYCHOS
LAW & DISORDER
WHO POLICES THE VA POLICE!

**DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION:**
Visit penthousemagazine.com

**PRINT SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM:**
Write to: P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 a.m. to midnight weekdays, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You also can email us at penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com.

**CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:**
We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to: P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and ZIP code.

**RENEW PRINT SUBSCRIPTION:**
We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

**SUBSCRIPTION BILLING:**
If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to: P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037.

**BACK ISSUES:**
To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., November/December 2021); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover. We have back issues available for the previous 12 months.

**ARTICLE REPRINTS:**
To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 310-280-1900. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

# PENTHOUSE

YES, please send me *PENTHOUSE* for:

☐ 6 issues for $24.95

☐ 6 issues for foreign residents $36.95

## MY DETAILS:

Title: Mr./Ms. ______________________________
First name Surname

Address: ______________________________

______________________________ ZIP code: __________

Phone: (     ) ______________________________

Email address: ______________________________

## PAYMENT DETAILS:

I enclose my check/money order for $ ____________
payable to Penthouse.

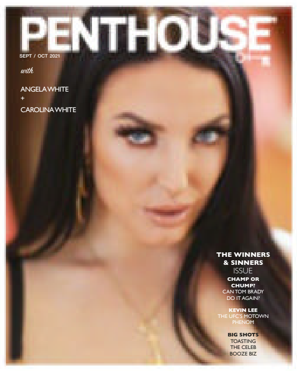
Or charge my credit card:
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Card Number: _ _ _ _  _ _ _ _  _ _ _ _  _ _ _ _

Exp date: _ _/_ _

Cardholder's name: ______________________________

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Canadian and foreign orders send $36.95 (includes GST) for 1 year (6 issues). All payments must be in U.S. dollars and check must be drawn on a U.S. bank.



## ORDERING IS EASY!

**ONLINE:** www.penthousemagazine.com
**CALL:** 800-289-7368 (International 386-447-6361)
**MAIL:** Penthouse, P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037

For customer service, call between 8 a.m. and midnight (Eastern Standard Time), Monday through Friday, or from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. on weekends. Closed holidays. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. This offer is subject to terms and conditions found at penthouse.com and is available from 1/4 through 02/28.

FEBRUARY PET OF THE MONTH

# SWEATER WEATHER

## TAHLIA PARIS

*PHOTOGRAPHER*
GERALD DE BEHR

# TAHLIA PARIS

LUSCIOUS Tahlia Paris is just beachy! With her sexy curves, February's Penthouse Pet is just the ticket for chasing away those winter blues. The California native has a fondness for the sun, sand and surf—and we agree bikini weather certainly suits her. When it comes to dating, Tahlia says she enjoys being wined and dined, but admits she can be "totally cool" with a mellow "pizza and movie night." However, this woman of simple pleasures also has a daring side and tells *Penthouse* she once went wakeboarding topless in Turkey! TThese days, the jet-setting beauty calls Las Vegas home, and we're gambling on the Sin City siren to become a superstar.

**What's something that most people don't know about you?**
I'm super into video games, and I'm a pretty good player.

**If you could choose to do anything for a day, what would it be?**
I'd love to travel somewhere like the Maldives or Bora Bora. Someplace beautiful and tropical with pretty blue water.

**What's your favorite way to work out?**
I love hot yoga. I also love working out with a trainer—because I like being told what to do.

**How do you prepare yourself for a nude photo shoot?**
I'm honestly very comfortable being naked, so it's just normal to me!

**What kind of sports do you like?**
I like watching hockey because of all the testosterone—and I love UFC fights!

**Where do you see yourself in five years?**
Family is important to me. So I see myself a little more settled down in the future. My goal is to be a MILF!

**Who's your celebrity crush?**
Chris Hemsworth is so sexy. I love me some Thor!

**AGE:** 25
**HEIGHT:** 5'4" **MEASUREMENTS:** 32DDD-25-35
**HOMETOWN:** Santa Barbara, Calif.
**FACEBOOK:** @officialtahliaparis
**INSTAGRAM & TWITTER:** @tahliaparis

Tahlia
Paris
XOXO

PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
penthousevariations.com

EROTIC FICTION

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

SHOWCASING THE BEST (AND WORST) OF READER FANTASIES

*SEND MAIL TO:*
**PENTHOUSE**
**28328 WITHERSPOON PARKWAY, VALENCIA, CA 91355**

*E-MAIL US:*
**LETTERS@PENTHOUSE.COM**

# FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

## ROMAN HOLIDAY

You'd be amazed by how much of a city you can experience in just 48 hours. As a flight attendant who specializes in international travel, I've explored many popular destinations in a short period of time. Generally, I prefer brief stopovers. But Italy is the one exception to my rule, because Italy is where Marco and his wife, Lucia, live.

Marco and I met during my first trip to Italy. He was the front desk clerk who checked me in. There was an undeniable spark between us. Feeling feisty, I decided to call down to the front desk and request assistance in my room. Lucky me, Marco responded. He was just finishing his shift, but he had time for one last call, he told me. He never did leave the hotel that night.

Marco and I hooked up a few more times, whenever I was in town. I knew from the beginning he was married, but I didn't care, and he assured me that he and Lucia had a very open relationship. Oh, those Europeans.

Then one day, ahead of our next planned rendezvous, Marco asked how I felt about him bringing his wife to join us at my hotel room in Rome. He had shown me pictures of Lucia, and I knew from our conversations that she's bisexual and has a penchant for sharing. If she was even half the lover her husband was, I knew I wanted to fuck Lucia. Of course, I told him to bring her along.

The first time I met her, I was struck dumb by her beauty and her aura of elegance. Pictures didn't do her justice. She wore a long trench coat that was expertly tailored to conform to every dip and curve of her frame. When she propped her foot on the mattress in my room, the coat opened just a smidge, teasing me with a peek at her gossamer-thin, thigh-high hose, which were supported by an elaborate lace garter belt. She was stunning.

Marco dropped into the large armchair in the corner of the room that faced the bed.

"Why don't you two get acquainted," he said.

Lucia whipped the belt off of her coat and allowed the garment to fall open, revealing a gorgeous bustier that hoisted her plump breasts so high they spilled over the top of it.

I wondered what those gorgeous globes would feel like pressed against my cheeks. Would she feel pillow-soft? Would her scent envelop me when I nuzzled the valley between her boobs? I was dying to find out.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked.

Her thick accent rolled over me. It was like Marco's, of course, but softer and lighter. I found myself torn between wishing she would talk dirty to me and longing for her mouth to be too busy exploring my body to utter another word.

"I do," I purred.

Reclining on the bed, I opened my arms wide in invitation and said, "Vieni qui, Lucia."

Come here, Lucia.

She smiled, and the room seemed to glow. She shrugged off the coat and allowed it to fall to her feet.

Lucia crawled onto the bed, moving toward me with the sexiest cat-like prowl. That night, I was her prey and I would surrender gladly.

Unlike Lucia, my outfit was less fussy and more functional. I've never been one for elaborate peignoir sets. Instead, I opted to wrap my freshly showered body in the hotel's fluffy robe. I could still smell the soft scent of my lavender body lotion emanating from my skin. I wondered if Lucia could, too.

"You're so lovely," Lucia whispered as she slipped a delicate hand into the gap in my robe. She opened it completely, sweeping the terry cloth aside and exposing my breasts.

My excitement was evident. My breathing was erratic, and my tits rose and fell rapidly, which made them jiggle in an enticing manner.

Lucia let out the most adorable giggle. She traced the tip of one oval-shaped nail around the edge of my areola.

"So pretty," she whispered before trapping my nub between her thumb and finger and giving it a sharp tweak.

"Ahh," I gasped.

The small spark of pain heightened my growing pleasure to create the most intoxicating blend of sensations. Lucia hadn't gone anywhere near my pussy, and yet I felt the effects of her ministrations down there as well. A subtle pulse picked up between my legs, like a soft whisper that begged Lucia for her attention.

Fortunately, Lucia seemed hear it. After releasing my nipple, she swept her hand down my torso, quickly gliding over my skin until she reached the promised land.

"Oh yes," I sighed.

Lucia's fingers settled atop my clit. She gently pressed the little button and ignited an inferno of lust that threatened to consume me.

"Marco, you didn't tell me she's so responsive," Lucia said teasingly.

She turned back to me and whispered, "I love a woman who knows what she likes."

Lucia's mouth descended on my neck, raining down a series of licks, kisses and delightful little nibbles, while her fingers continued to stroke my pussy.

Before long, I was writhing on the bed. We'd only just begun, but it was clear Lucia was an attentive lover, and I was ready to give myself to her completely.

A single finger dipped between my folds. She wiggled it a bit, then skated it right back up to my clit, tantalizing me by smearing my juices along the way.

MODEL: BRIELLE / PHOTOGRAPHER: ANTHONY TRAN

"You're so wet," she purred. "Just how I like my women."

Lucia's fingers moved lower again. This time, when her digits delved into my crevice, the heel of her palm rested against my clit.

"Do you like this?" she asked as she plunged her fingers deep into my pussy.

"Yes, oh, yes," I sighed.

"Good," Lucia replied.

She crooked her fingers so they pressed against my inner wall as she laid another kiss on my neck.

"Tonight is all about pleasure." Her fingers collided with my G-spot as she uttered the words, making it easier than ever for me to reply, "Oh God, yes!"

Somewhere through my sex-induced haze, I remembered Marco—sweet, sensual Marco—was seated only a few feet away from us. My eyes fluttered open and sought him out. I spotted him still sitting in the chair as he watched us—with his fist wrapped around his hard cock.

Suddenly, Lucia pulled her fingers out of my pussy, leaving me aching from the emptiness. My longing must have been etched on my face because before I verbalized my feelings, Lucia said, "Don't worry. I'm not done with you."

She sank onto the floor beside the bed and tugged at my ankles, so my legs lay draped over the edge of the mattress on either side of her.

Lucia's lips curled into a seductive smile. Once she was settled between my legs, she palmed my thighs, urging them even further apart.

"Such a gorgeous cunt you have," Lucia murmured before she began lavishing oral attention on me.

Lucia started at my knee, pressing a gentle kiss there before licking a path upward along my thigh. After nuzzling the edges of my mound, she trailed her teeth over the delicate skin there, triggering an intoxicating tingle that spread to my pussy lips.

Lucia's ruby-red lipstick also smeared all over my skin, streaking my thighs with swaths of radiant color that contrasted with my peachy skin and reminded me of Tuscan sunsets.

Not that I was super focused on what I looked like. How could I be when I had such a gorgeous woman between my legs? Her espresso-colored hair fell in long, luxurious waves down her back. Every once in a while as she kissed me, the silky locks would brush against my skin and tickle me delightfully.

Finally, her lips collided with my pussy. She lapped up one side of my slit and down the other, skirting around my clit in the most maddening way. When she sucked one of my folds into her mouth, my back bowed and my toes curled.

Holy shit, she hadn't gone anywhere near my clit and already a hot pulse of pleasure surged through me.

Lucia waited until my ass landed back on the mattress to release one pussy lip and suckle on the other.

Her appreciative hum buzzed against my skin—like a vibrator, but so much better. Somewhere in the depths of my sex-addled brain, I started to wonder what the same sensation might feel like on my clit.

Thankfully, Lucia didn't make me wait long to find out. After lavishing each pussy fold with plenty of glorious suction, she traveled up to my clit and closed her lips around the sensitive bud, and I felt those good vibrations.

I think my soul left my body when she worked her jaw from side to side, gently massaging my little pleasure powerhouse. That woman knew her way around a pussy.

"Oh God," I groaned.

Lucia's hand landed on my thigh and gave it a squeeze, letting me know she heard me. Her nails trailed over my skin as she pulled away slowly.

"Don't stop," I shouted, pounding my fist on the mattress to emphasize each word.

Lucia continued to work magic with her mouth, using her lips, teeth and tongue to pleasure me. She rained down a series of flicks on my clit, tapping out a thoroughly intoxicating rhythm with her tongue that had my hips swinging. I was shamelessly grinding against her face.

As if that wasn't enough, Lucia took things further by bringing her fingers into play, as well. While her mouth was busy worshiping my clit, her digits snuck up between her face and my pussy and plunged inside my wet and willing vagina.

Although that erotic encounter was our first time together, Lucia seemed to know exactly what made me wild with lust. She curled her fingers in a sort of come-hither motion and pressed their pads against my spongy inner wall. I instantly felt a flare of arousal that made me gasp and shiver helplessly.

"Oh, fuck," I moaned.

I thought I might levitate off of the bed and fly off into the ether. Lucia played my body like a finely tuned guitar; she knew exactly which strings to pluck to create the most captivating music.

"Yes, yes," I shouted.

A telltale tension wracked my body, causing my muscles to coil up impossibly tight. My back and limbs became as stiff as a board, and then, all at once, a rush of pleasure made me melt right back into the mattress.

My hips bucked, smacking my pussy hard against Lucia's lips. Sweet, glorious juice gushed from my core as my climax rattled me. Lucia's face was glossed with my nectar. But she didn't let that distract her from sucking my clit. That woman ate pussy like a goddamn champ. She refused to stop until she'd wrung every last bit of pleasure out of me.

When the last of my orgasmic tremors had subsided, Lucia moved her mouth from my mound.

She turned and called to her husband, "Marco, will you join us?"

"Of course, my love," he said.

He walked to the bed and stood just behind Lucia, who was still comfortably nestled between my legs.

"Darling, I think Ana needs your cock."

Feeling it was high time for me to enter the conversation, I interjected by saying, "Yes! Yes, I do!"

Lucia caressed my thighs, skimming her hands from my knees up to my hips and allowing her mouth to hover just above my quivering sex. She looked up at Marco, who settled himself on the bed beside me, and told him, "Just make sure I can still eat my fill."

Marco leaned over and held out a

hand to Lucia, tugging her up toward the mattress to join us. Then he slid his fingers along my slit and urged my pussy petals to part.

"Do you want more of this?" he asked, with his eyes firmly fixed on his wife.

She nodded, and we repositioned ourselves. I got on all fours, and Lucia lay beneath me, craning her neck to lap at my snatch. She busied herself swiping her tongue over my clit as Marco cozied up to me. His erection nestled inside the crevice between my ass cheeks. Its warm, velvety skin felt incredible against my asshole.

I rocked my hips up and down, bouncing between them both.

Marco's hands wandered along my body, warming my skin. He pressed soft kisses along my back and shoulders. After every few smooches, he would pull back and enjoy the sight of his wife munching my box.

But eventually Marco wanted more. He reached between my writhing body and his, then he grabbed hold of his cock and swirled its bell-shaped head around the entrance to my pussy.

The slickness from my juices made it oh-so-easy for Marco to sink inside my cunt. He moved slowly, careful not to move me out of reach of Lucia's tongue.

Not that I think she would have let him. She allowed precious few seconds to pass without teasing my clit with her tongue or fingers. Even when I arched my back so Marco could enter me, Lucia still managed to hone in on my love button. She'd already drawn one orgasm out of me using her tongue, and she seemed determined to trigger another.

I leaned back against Marco, letting him guide our movements. He skimmed his hands over my hips and up my sides, stopping just beneath my breasts. He cradled my tits in his hands, palming them as he ran the rough pads of his thumbs over my nipples. His touch gently stimulated them, so they grew erect and even more sensitive. But it was his quick, sharp pinches that made me shout because they came just as Lucia elicited another orgasmic quiver from my cock-stuffed cunt.

Marco and Lucia worked as a team. Together, they were unstoppable and hell-bent on delivering me the utmost pleasure. They didn't need to speak or even look at one another to know exactly how to achieve their common goal—making me come as many times as possible.

By that point in the evening, words were escaping me. If I'd had my wits about me, I would have urged them on with obscenity-laced dirty talk and wicked endearments. But by that point, all I could do was moan.

I was quickly losing control and was already teetering on the edge of another explosion when Lucia reached up between Marco's legs. When he groaned into my neck and dug his fingers into my hips, I guessed she'd slipped a finger in his asshole—maybe even two.

**"They were unstoppable and hell-bent on delivering me the utmost pleasure."**

That's when Marco's gentle, languid lovemaking took on a very different rhythm. He plowed into me with short, powerful thrusts, moving so fast that every hitch of his hips threatened to lift my knees off the mattress.

Of course, Lucia kept us all grounded. She held me and her husband firmly between her face and her hand—precisely where she wanted us.

It wasn't until Marco shouted that he was going to come that Lucia removed her mouth from my cunt—and her hand from his rear—and rested on the bed beneath me.

Marco pulled his cock out of my pussy, grabbed hold of his juice-slickened shaft and pointed it downward—right at his wife's beautiful face.

Dipping my head, I was able to watch as thick, white cream jetted out of his dickhead and splattered all over Lucia's lips and cheeks. She'd opened her mouth wide to catch all she could. But she lapped up anything that missed the mark, gathering up his goo with her tongue.

I pulled away and saw her beautiful face glistening from my juices and the sticky remnants of her husband's load. I was overcome by the desire to taste our combined offerings on her flawless face. I rolled on top of her, bracketing her body with my arms.

Her heaving body was shiny with sweat. I placed a trail of kisses along her neck, occasionally lapping at her salty skin. I pecked my way up to her face, which was smeared with sex juice and spunk. I kissed her sloppily, tasting the tangy flavor of fucking.

Then, ever so slowly, I licked a path down to Lucia's breasts. She writhed rhythmically as if to unheard music as I swirled my tongue over the twin mountains of her tits. They were indeed as soft as they looked, and I nuzzled them appreciatively.

From the way she danced with desperation on the mattress, I could tell Lucia the powder keg was on the verge of exploding. Fortunately for her, I knew just how to light her fuse.

I shimmied down between Lucia's legs, yanked her wet thong to the side and treated myself to some Italian dessert. She was sweeter than any dolci I'd ever sampled, and I couldn't get enough of her. I lapped at her furiously, hearing the panting breaths of her husband, whose arousal seemed to soar once more as he watched our sapphic coupling. When she came, her body undulated beautifully as if flowing along with each orgasmic wave that washed over her. She was sensuality personified, and I was awestruck by the sight of her surrendering to her pleasure.

We spent the rest of the evening in more or less the same way, taking turns getting one another off until I had to take off—for work, of course.

I hated to leave Marco and Lucia. But it's true what they say—absence makes the heart grow fonder, and the next time I return to Italy, I know I can expect their warm and loving welcome.

—A. Restivo

APPROVED

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

## SORORITY SLUTS PLEDGE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!

### PILLOW PRINCESS

Last year, I graduated from a small, but elite private university. It's the sort of place where you'd find plenty of legacy students intermingling with the offspring of new money. As you might expect, most of the women in my sorority were already well-versed in partying and avant-garde sexual exploration before they ever pledged. But there was always a place among us for a sexy first-timer—especially one like Lauren.

Lauren and I met two years ago; she was an incoming pledge, and I was 21 and a junior. Our sorority did the usual kinds of community service and social events, but a little-known aspect of pledging sisterhood with us involved plenty of girl-girl hookups—and not just kissing in front of guys at parties. Of course, everything was 100 percent voluntary, and let me just say most of the girls we got were, like, 200 percent into it. Our "sapphic social calendar" was the perfect excuse for even the most introverted girl to explore her desires in a safe, fun way.

During rush week, we invited prospective new sisters over for a game called "Pillow Princess." We dimmed the lights, and the pledges watched several scenes of lesbian porn—and then we checked to see whose panties were the wettest. I was paired with Lauren, and it was an instant girl-crush for me. She had beautiful blonde hair, blue eyes, hefty tits with peachy pale nipples and, as I discovered, a smooth shaven pussy.

When the last scene ended, we flipped on the lights. Our head girl, Maxine, instructed: "OK, sisters, time to check your partners. Remember, whoever is the wettest gets a reward."

Maxine herself had come up with the game, inspired by the way women's desires are often so hidden in polite society. In her own way, Maxine epitomized hiding, too. She was a secret hacker trapped in the statuesque body of a former beauty queen. All the guys wanted her, but she preferred girls, coding and cryptocurrency.

Maxine gave my ass a playful swat as I went to join Lauren on the floor. She definitely shared my affinity for blondes, so we were both hoping Lauren was worthy of our "reward."

"Did you like what you saw?" I asked Lauren, as I sat next to her.

Lauren's milky skin was flushed pink. She seemed aroused but still shy as she said, "It was ... well-filmed."

I laughed softly, then I touched her hand and asked, "Do I have your permission?"

Lauren nodded and said, "I think you're going to like what you find, Krista."

While maintaining eye contact, I slid my hand up Lauren's bare thigh beneath her skirt. My fingers traced the curve of her mound through the thin layer of her wet cotton panties.

"Very promising," I whispered as I pushed aside her undies to stroke her pussy. Her juices pooled between her lips, which made it so easy for my fingers to slip and slide all around her clit.

Lauren moaned softly and wiggled closer to maximize my touch. We were in our own little naughty world, but a quick glance around the room confirmed our horny new pledges were all in various stages of foreplay with their assigned partners.

Maxine walked around with a smug look of satisfaction before instructing, "OK, ladies, let's see those panties." One by one, she examined the pledges' underwear.

Lauren peeled off her panties, giving me a pleasing view of her pussy in the process.

I presented Lauren's soaked thong to Maxine, who loudly announced, "I don't think there's any contest here."

Maxine offered Lauren a hand to stand up and said to her, "I bet you're a little gusher, aren't you?"

Lauren shrugged bashfully. Next, Maxine lifted the blonde's skirt, caught sight of her hairless snatch and cooed, "I love these smooth lips."

Maxine flicked her fingers against the pledge's clit before shoving two fingers inside her pussy.

"The view from behind isn't bad either," I said, marveling over Lauren's smooth and shapely rear.

Maxine removed her fingers and brought them to her own lips to taste Lauren's juices. Then she nodded her head and clapped her hands before saying, "Pledges, I'm proud of you all for being soaking-wet sluts, but Lauren is our pillow princess for tonight. Let's give her a round of applause. Krista, take her upstairs!"

I took Lauren's hand and led her away amid the crowd's applause, hoots and hollers. As soon as we stepped into my bedroom, we began kissing hotly. I could have just gone to town right there, but I wanted her to fully experience Maxine's game.

I unhooked Lauren's bra and lightly stroked one of her breasts. Impatient for more, she grabbed my free hand and placed it on her other tit.

"Go on," she encouraged me. "I know you've been dying to touch them."

"And that's not all," I said, licking her nipples. "Trust me, you're going to love this."

"I already do," Lauren responded.

"Just wait. This is only the beginning."

Once all of Lauren's gorgeous body was completely revealed, I had her lay down on the bed. Then I took some red satin ribbon ties from a dresser drawer.

"These are softer than handcuffs, and there's enough length to let you still move around," I told her. "But as our pillow princess, it's your job to just receive tonight. You are allowed to give if you ask, though. And if you say stop, the party's over. We good?"

"Definitely," Lauren told me.

I made short work of tying Lauren's hands to the bedposts.

"Aren't you overdressed?" she asked.

"One thing at a time, you sassy girl." I gave her nearest nipple a pinch.

At that point, we were joined by Maxine, who said, "I've been waiting for this! I hoped you'd be our princess."

Maxine reached for me, and we kissed and started taking off each other's clothes. Ever the exhibitionist, Maxine loved flaunting her sun-kissed figure. Her post-vacation bikini tan lines were still quite visible, which made her pink nipples and naturally blonde pussy seem even more vibrant.

Lauren squirmed, obviously turned on by what she was seeing, but of course unable to do little else but wait.

"Look how eager she is," Maxine said with a grin. "We're gonna have so much fun with you."

She helped me out of my panties as I asked Lauren, "What do you think, Lauren? Are we hot?"

"Yes, please get over here."

"Let's give our princess what she wants," Maxine said, climbing on the bed and kissing Lauren. "Do you trust us?"

"Yes," Lauren assured us. "I'm ready."

Maxine got up and reached into the drawer where I'd gotten the restraints to procure a matching satin mask, which she placed over Lauren's eyes.

"Just focus on all the good feelings," she told our little pledge.

I joined them on the bed and went right for Lauren's swollen clit. Feeling her arousal earlier made me determined to taste her.

Maxine muffled Lauren's ensuing moans with more kisses before she tongued her way down to the younger woman stiff nipples.

Meanwhile, I sucked Lauren's clit and then slipped my fingers inside her pussy. I began to fuck her, twisting and teasing her slick walls until I felt her muscles clenching down.

Lauren moaned, "Oh God!"

"She's so fucking tight, Max," I said, pulling away my fingers.

"You know how much I love tight little freshman pussy," Maxine said with a sigh.

I'd planned to tongue her clit, only to discover that Maxine had the same idea, so we took turns. At one point, we hovered over her pussy and kissed each other, but I soon turned my attention back to Lauren, shoving three fingers inside her snatch.

Lauren groaned and thrust her hips up, as if searching for more fingers.

"Mmm, she really likes it," Maxine whispered, looking impressed.

"Are you gonna come for us, princess?" I asked, fucking her harder and pressing my thumb against her clit.

**"I entered her soaking pussy from behind, while Lauren devoured Maxine's rubber cock."**

"Yes!" Lauren cried out.

"You like getting fucked by us?" Maxine asked, tweaking Lauren's nipples.

"Yes—yes—don't stop!" she gasped.

Having had plenty of female lovers before, I knew the sweet little spot to go for, so I turned my fingers around to nail the front wall of her pussy.

With this tactic and our continual teasing of her clit, it wasn't long before Lauren had her first orgasm of the night. As we'd predicted, she was indeed a gusher. In fact, Lauren was so wet, I didn't need to lube my strap-on.

"You want to do the honors first, Kris?" Maxine stepped into her own harness and adjusted her pink rubber cock.

"Yes, I think I can make our princess gush again."

We took off the blindfold and removed her bonds for the next part of our play session. We wanted her to see us.

I entered her soaking pussy from behind, while Lauren devoured Maxine's rubber cock. Maxine held Lauren's hair back as she gagged on the shaft and let it fuck the back of her throat. Meanwhile, I kept drilling her cunt until her muffled screams announced she was coming yet again.

Maxine and I switched positions, so she could have a turn fucking our gorgeous pillow princess—and Lauren could lap up all her juices from my cock.

"I love making sluts clean up their mess," I mused amidst Lauren's moans, while Maxine railed her hard.

After a second successful strap-on fucking, Lauren and I chilled and made out while Maxine rimmed her.

"No one's done that to you before?" I asked Lauren.

Lauren's cheeks flushed again, and she shook her head.

"You are so going to love this sorority!"

"I already do," Lauren said before kissing me wetly.

Maxine gave Lauren's bottom a playful swat and added, "I call dibs on whenever you're ready to rim your first girl."

"Noted," Lauren responded before shyly adding, "Are you both ready to lay back and let me return the favor?"

Maxine and I glanced at each other. I replied: "I think I am. I mean, we do test pussy-eating skills in the next pledge challenge anyway."

"That's right," said Maxine. She changed positions, so she was lying next to me. "But somehow I suspect she's going to pass with flying colors."

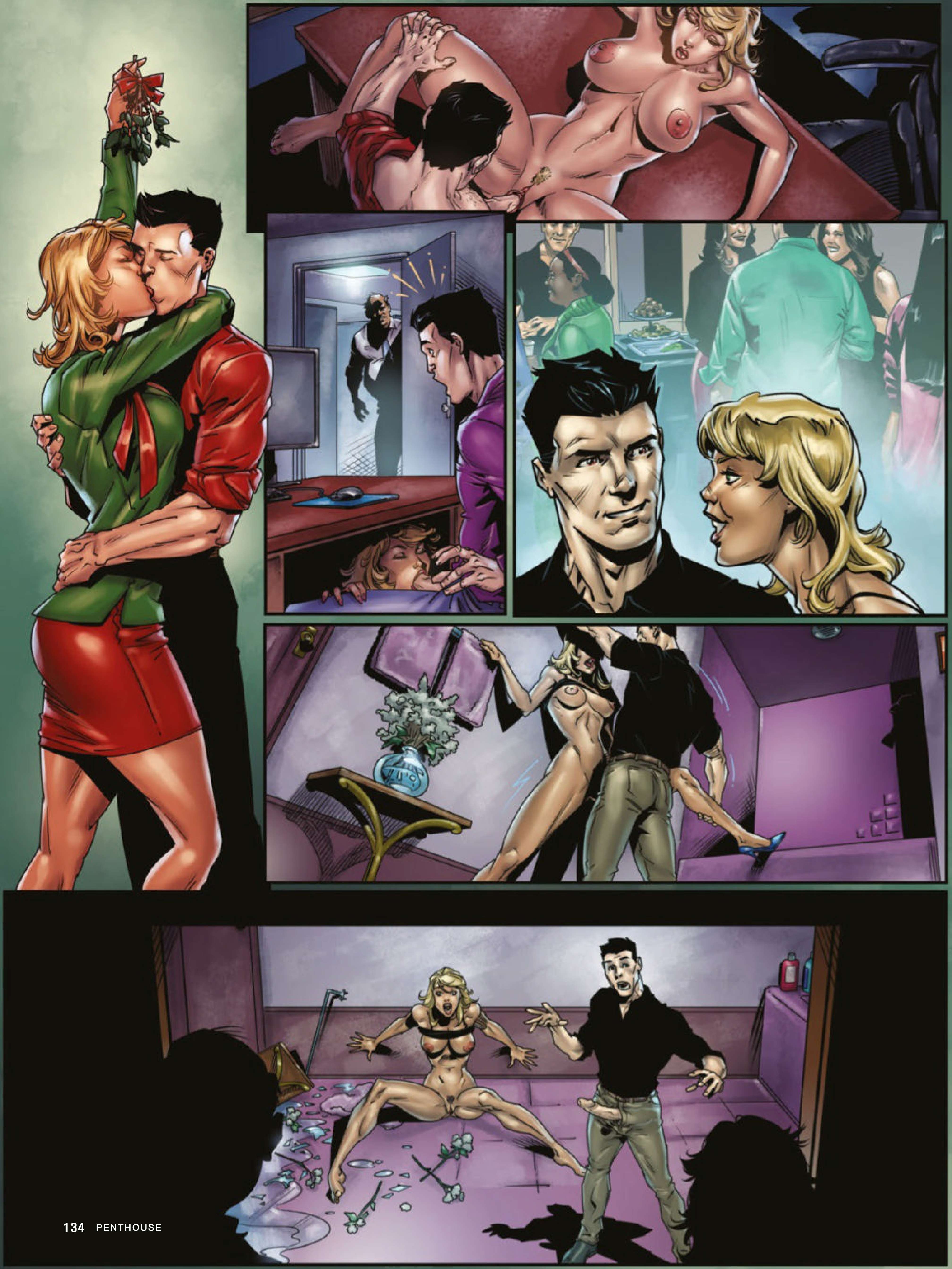
"Well, as they say, practice makes perfect," Lauren whispered before settling between my legs.

That was just one of my many hot nights with Lauren before I graduated. However, I'll definitely be seeing her and Maxine at our reunion this spring.

**—K.L., Boston, Mass.**

---

*The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen at anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've taken the leap, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.*



REJECT

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS
SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

## PARTY CRASHERS

For the first time in a long time, I had a date on New Year's Eve. Don't get me wrong—I haven't been wanting for pussy. I've gotten my share and then some, but most of it was one-night stands or the occasional fuck-buddy babe.

However, in the weeks leading up to Christmas, my co-worker Christine had been extra flirty. I'd been eyeing her since she started at the law firm where I worked. She looked like Elle Woods from *Legally Blonde*—if Elle was packing a pair of double-Ds beneath her pink blazer. I know the partners chose her for her smarts, but there's no denying everyone also had the hots for her. She'd rebuffed every horndog's attempt to score with her to date. But suddenly, there she was—pushing her pillowy tits to my chest as she held a sprig of mistletoe above our heads.

We'd both been working late and were alone in the office, which was a good thing. Because that holiday smooch soon turned into a raunchy fuck. She hopped up on my desk and spread her legs, letting her rose-colored skirt ride up enough so I could see her glistening slit. She unbuttoned her blouse and revealed her bra-free boobs as she told me, "I can tell you've been hard at work, so why don't you share some of that hardness with me?"

I immediately dropped my pants and started pounding her. As we screwed, she squealed delightedly and even reached down to rub her clit. I felt her fingers bumping against my pistoning shaft as she frigged herself until she came. Her pussy spasmed around my hard-on, and those sweet contractions made me shoot off into her snatch.

I took her home with me, and she treated me to a porn star-worthy blowjob to kick off round two. By the time the sun was rising, I'd shoved my dick into every hole she had.

It didn't matter that we were in our 20s. When we were near each other, we were like horny, impulsive teenagers. We indulged in quickies as frequently as we could manage. An easy thing since Christine never bothered with underwear. Sure, we'd had a few close calls—like the time our boss popped into my office while she was under my desk sucking my dick. But she made me lose my mind—and my load—more times than I can count!

Amid our whirlwind winter fuckfest, I asked her to be my date on New Year's Eve. Our colleague Joe was throwing a bash at his penthouse apartment. We'd let on that we were dating, and the partners were cool with it because we put on a good professional front. We'd intended to do the same at Joe's shindig. But when I saw Christine in her low-cut black dress and sexy stiletto heels, I knew I was going to have a hard time keeping my dick in my pants.

Booze was flowing freely, and everyone seemed to be having a great time. But shortly before midnight, Christine leaned toward me. Her wild mane of hair tickled my cheek as she whispered, "Meet me in the bathroom. I want to ring in the new year with a bang."

Her proposition gave me an instant boner. I was certain we'd enjoy a hot, fast fuck and be back in the living room in time to clink champagne glasses with everyone.

I followed my girl into the bathroom without anyone noticing I was hot on her tail.

Christine propped herself up against the wall, resting one high-heeled foot on the edge of the giant built-in tub. Her opposite hand clutched a towel rack that was mounted to the wall, right above a small table holding a crystal vase full of fragrant flowers.

Her exposed pussy was in my sights. I unzipped and sank my erection into her dripping target. I pounded away from the get-go. She was struggling to stay quiet, so I kicked it up notch to speed us toward the finish line. My enthusiastic thrusting must've made her lose her balance. She slipped and somehow ripped the rack from the wall. She also knocked over the vase, which sounded like a gunshot when it hit the tiled floor.

The crash was loud enough to attract attention, and a second later, the bathroom door flew open. And there were our bosses, getting an eyeful of Christine on the floor—flashing her naked cooch—surrounded by scattered flowers and broken crystal, while I stood there with my glistening dick hanging out of my open pants.

The jury was still out, but I was pretty sure new jobs were in our future. But, hey, at least I had a date for Valentine's!

**—P.N., San Francisco, Calif.**

FLASHBACK

# SPECIAL BACK TO SCHOOL ISSUE

**OCTOBER 1982**
**COVER & INTERVIEW:**
**MORGAN FAIRCHILD**

PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1982 $3.00
20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS
10 GREATEST COLLEGE SEX SCANDALS
JUVENILE JUNKIES: SPECIAL INVESTIGATIVE REPORT
TORTURE: A NEW AMERICAN PASTIME
SPECIAL BACK TO SCHOOL ISSUE

**Certification: The records, if any, relating to any content in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1–75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records, Penthouse World Media, LLC, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355.**

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. January/February 2022, Volume 40, Number 1. Copyright © 2021 by Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly General Media Communications, Inc.). All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published six times per year in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI), 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355. Distributed in the U.S., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. All information and materials submitted to Penthouse or Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI) will not be treated as confidential or proprietary. Penthouse and Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI) expressly do not agree to any obligation of confidentiality, non-use, nondisclosure, or any other restrictions with respect to any information and/or materials submitted to Penthouse or Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI). Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.
Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO–$24.95 for six issues; Canada, $36.95 for six issues (includes GST). Single copies: $13.99 in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquires to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355.
Advertising offices: Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355. Tel. 310-280-1900.
PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, Penthouse Comix, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI).

**PRINTED IN CANADA**
Certificado de licitud de titulo No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de titulo No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882.

PENTHOUSE TV
CONTACT YOUR LOCAL CABLE PROVIDER

# PENTHOUSE®

JAN / FEB 2022

*with*
MSPUIYI
+
TAHLIA PARIS

THE PET OF
THE YEAR
ISSUE
FEATURING
KENZIE ANNE

**GAMER GIRLS**
ESPORTS SUPERSTARS
PLAY TO WIN

**THAT'S KILLER!**
UNMASKING
SCREEN PSYCHOS

**LAW & DISORDER**
WHO POLICES
THE VA POLICE?

PENTHOUSE.COM
JAN/FEB 2022
$13.99 U.S.
$14.99 CAN
12
0 74666 02242 3